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NOTICE: *The next article in the Higher Schools series will appear on 13 June and will be on Bradfield College.*

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Since last Monday the newspapers' *pièces de résistance* have been the accounts of the reception by the foreign press of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches foreshadowing a new fiscal policy. There is no attempt to minimise the importance which the plan of closer union with the Colonies by means of a British Imperial Customs federation assumes by the advocacy of the Prime Minister and his first lieutenant, as one of the German papers calls Mr. Chamberlain. It is plain however that the general feeling is one of dislike and uneasiness, though a careful attempt is made to disguise the consciousness that there are awkward possibilities in store for the nations that have been relying on Britain's adherence to her free import policy. Excepting the parties who profess free trade we find a candid admission in both the American and the German press that foreign nations have no right to resent the substantiation of imperialism by a customs union of Great Britain and her colonies: and there is no threat of that retaliation which has so much haunted the imagination of free traders and made them dream of tariff wars à outrance. On the whole Radicals and free traders will not find much satisfaction in these newspaper opinions; except in the very evident dislike of the German and French papers for Mr. Chamberlain. The American on this point will certainly disgust them.

The first cablegrams from Australia appeared to show that Australian opinion was against Mr. Chamberlain's views. In reply to a letter from the Editor of the "British Australian" pointing out that these in no way represented the real feeling, Mr. Chamberlain wrote that if colonial opinion were indeed hostile or even apathetic there would be an end of the matter. Mr. Deakin, the late acting Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, on the contrary asserts in a cablegram that the Commonwealth Government and all the governments of the separate states approve of the

preferential trade proposals. He declares that only the extreme section of the free traders is opposed to them, and an immense majority is assured for the new policy when it is put before the country. He concludes by saying that personally he considers preferential tariffs an indispensable foundation of the Empire. But perhaps the most striking effect of the speeches of Thursday week is that public opinion in Germany has made it impossible for the Government to impose the surtax on Canadian imports which was undoubtedly meditated before those speeches.

One looked with interest to Sir Edward Grey's view of the question; but in his speech on Wednesday he spoiled some good incidental suggestions by offering them as substitutes for Mr. Chamberlain's; they were in fact supplementary. He has often enough granted the need of binding the Empire closer; but with the timorousness of the most hypersensitive free trader he is alarmed at any interference with our fiscal policy. It would be a sufficient contribution, in his view, to the unity of the Empire if the Government were to address itself to the improvement of the means of communication. He plumps for what has been called the "compulsory shrinkage of the world" and holds it the duty of Government to help in providing ships of greater speed and capacity. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said a similar thing when he urged that Canada had fulfilled its duty to imperial defence by spending large sums on railway construction. Sir Edward Grey's idea is perhaps less parochial but it is more illogical. To subsidise shipping is protection of the most advanced kind. It assists certain definite industries at the expense of the whole country. As compared with a small tax on corn, which helps the general taxpayer and is hardly protective except in the sense that it penalises the foreigner, the suggestion to subsidise shipping is a contradiction of all that the school which Sir Edward Grey wants to champion holds most dear. We are inclined to agree with Sir Edward Grey that strategically and commercially it may be wise to subsidise shipping; but let Sir Edward Grey recognise that he is coping, if he likes, capping, not undermining the Government scheme.

No imperial business has been managed in a more businesslike way than the development of Canada. Of course the essential cause of the increase in prosperity has been the natural capacity of the country for growing corn and the development of the corn-growing industry.

has been only retarded by the lack of railways. But even railways and a gigantic corn area are more or less useless without men, and in the attraction of population the Dominion Government has shown admirable skill. The latest proposal is to send to all the schools of the United Kingdom a large map of Canada with abbreviated information at the foot. At the new emigration office in Charing Cross considerable numbers of people are continually gazing at the maps and the attractive photographs of homesteads; but the free offer of 160 acres of land, dangled daily before the eyes of children who are accustomed to regard a landed proprietor with respectful awe, is likely to have an effect out of all proportion to general and less intimate advertisements. The maps should be gratefully accepted. It is not only a special duty to send English people to Canada now that the Americans are pouring in and the French increasing very rapidly, but the chance of emigration among fellow countrymen should be one of the chief privileges of empire. What is the meaning of empire if it does not redress its own balance?

The French Government has been not a little patient on the Algerian frontier. The inability of the Sultan to control the tribes at any distance from his capital has left these tribes free to step over the boundary and commit what injuries they pleased on their neighbours, and at the same time they have under the shelter of a nominal adherence to a friendly Government felt safe when they retreated into Moorish territory. These little frontier raids have been increasing in frequency and boldness for some years and have now culminated in an attack on the person of the Governor-General of Algeria. He advanced with an escort over the boundary to an interview with the Governor of Figuig whom he rated very properly for allowing several recent raids to go unchecked. The danger of the visit was manifest and as he left the town he and his escort were fired on. Ten of his men were wounded, but the French seem to have inflicted more harm than they received. Perhaps M. Jonnart wished to bring matters to a head. If so, he succeeded. Three columns which he is careful to describe as a police, not a military force, are to start at once and they will apparently converge on Figuig. How this action of the French is regarded in Fez we have no means of knowing, but it is likely, though the inference has been generally treated as a fact, that the Sultan is too wise to object to France doing some of his police work for him. One of his emissaries was with M. Jonnart at the time of the attack.

In receiving the delegates of the colonial group who interrogated him on the measures to be adopted for the prevention of the raids of Moorish tribes, M. Combes took pains to deny any territorial schemes. "The French Government", he said, "desires to maintain the status quo on our frontier and to insure at any price order and security on our Algerian frontier". Faith in M. Delcassé rather than M. Combes will give general credit to the assurance. At the same time Spain is not unnaturally showing some sensitiveness and it is possible that the price of "order and security on the Algerian frontier" may be a long occupation of some bases over the border. The colonial party are already emphasising the desirability of Figuig if it were made the head of a railway to the Mediterranean; and as a fortress it dominates better than any other spot the strategic position in southern Algeria. Besides the temporary occupation of Figuig would, it is pointed out, give no remedy for the present trouble. The hope is that the successes of the Sultan's general, which have been real, may help to the suppression of the raiding tribes and save France from the tempting but jeopardous measure of altering boundaries at the bidding of the progressive colonial section.

It is something, though it is not much, that in the Balkans two of the principals are making an ostensible effort to come to a better understanding. An emissary has gone between Constantinople and Sofia and there is prevalent a general impression that he will report well of his mission. At the least the new Bulgarian Government has made an effort to justify the expectations of it. Except for this attempt at official rapprochement

and the release of many of the prisoners arrested in connexion with the Salonika outrage, there is small sign of definite improvement. The tale of Turkish misdemeanours in dealing with Macedonian bands has been lengthened, but we are still entirely without proof one way or the other. The plain fact is that almost all the information we get from Macedonia is, or may be, doctored and what genuine information gets through is belated. The Powers appear to take seriously their duties to the Balkan States. It would be wise as a first step to improve the means of communication. Better than all reform schemes would be the presence, as recently suggested, of European officers with the Turkish troops. In Albania the position is much as it was. The defeat of some Albanians near Sakova, which caused an undue burst of optimism, was no more than an incident. There was no sign of an organised rising and no decisive blow was dealt.

It is something of a compliment to the "Times" that the Russian Government, which is nothing if not reticent, should have given full reasons for its expulsion of Mr. Graham or Braham and condescended to "give a lesson" to a newspaper. Perhaps the Russian Government is astonished that the press has not, as the Russian Government said it would, indulged in any excessive outbreak. But the case is unique. The press is rightly jealous of its rights and free criticism is one of them. As a rule foreign objection to this free criticism is a sign of petulance if not weakness. But the Russian Government is usually neither petulant nor weak—its vices are of a different calibre—and it is not fair to infer that this expulsion is an exception. It may or may not be the case that in connexion with the Kischineff outrage the "Times" correspondent gave additional publicity to certain details, such as M. Plehve's alleged letter, which were not genuine. It may or may not be that the "Times", as the Russian Government complained—a little petulantly, it must be granted—is habitually prejudiced towards the Russians; but apart from personalities it was altogether unwise of the "Times" to select a Jew for its Russian correspondent when Jewish and Gentile antagonism was one of the chronic, but still critical, problems of the Russian polity. In an age when nations affect at any rate to realise their duties as cosmopolitan humanitarians a correspondent has a power which Governments cannot pretend to neglect. The Russian form of paying attention to the influence of the press is at least direct.

A curious outbreak of what is rather foolishly called Irredentism is reported from many Italian towns. The Austrian consulates have had to be protected by the military in many of the northern towns; more or less serious street demonstrations have been given in many parts of Italy, and a great part of the press has supported the so-called patriots and attacked the monarchy. The Government which at first treated the demonstrations as an ebullition attributable to Whitsunday rejoicing are turning to more vigorous methods. Some police sergeants in Rome, thought to be too tender to the rioters, have been dismissed; and some of the rioting students have been severely handled. The press which supports these degenerate Garibaldians has given no reason to show why the Austrians should be particularly unpopular at the moment and an outbreak with so little present occasion should be easily repressed. If it is allowed to continue, it may shake the Triple Alliance badly, and just now the alliance is hardly robust enough to stand such violent exercise.

At home the week has been marked by a disaster of peculiar pain and pathos; a terrible fire breaking out at Mr. Kindersley's house at Eton, resulting in the death of two boys. The inquest added to the sense of tragedy by bringing out the fact that in a very short while the window-bars which probably caused one of the deaths would have been removed. The whole house was condemned as old-fashioned, but with many fewer precautions and on the whole with more risk of fire and less chance of escape it has served without mischief for a great many years. There is a tendency in the presence of disaster to desire a scape-

goat. In this case happily no one can feel any reason to blame himself; and Mr. Kindersley in particular, and indeed everyone who had a chance of helping, seems to have shown coolness and courage. The fusing of the electric wires remains the only suggested cause of the fire; but its origin is of less importance than the new steps already taken for providing in future all possible means of escape. One may hope that other schools, one may instance Harrow and Shrewsbury, will follow Eton in this last matter.

The General Association of Church School Managers and Teachers has been holding its annual congress, the thirty-first, this week at Birmingham. We have always thought, and we regret that we have still to think, that Church School teachers are strangely ineffective in making their influence felt collectively. Their numbers should make them a powerful body, but in fact they make very little impression on the general public compared with the teachers in the county (or board) schools. Very likely this is largely due to a wholesome feeling that their proper business concerns them more than public speaking and politics. But they should be in a position to make their influence felt at times of crisis; which they have certainly not succeeded in doing at all adequately during the controversies of the last two years.

The Bishop of Worcester put the right attitude for them to adopt, when he said that Church schools could hold their own only by becoming constantly more efficient. He was right, too, and courageous in telling them boldly that very few Englishmen believed in education. Anyone who wants to do useful educational work in England must make that assumption his starting point, or he will go hopelessly wrong. But when Dr. Gore says that "education is the power of intelligent correspondence with the law of progress", we do not know what he means. It sounds painfully like a leader-writer's generality. And when he says further that education should be "far more practical, far more technical than it is at present", we think he is simply making mischief. In England it is just this "practical" attitude which is at the bottom of the general indifference to education branded by Dr. Gore.

The Passive Resisters have begun their martyrdom. Three members of the Middleton Parish Council were summoned at the Town-hall, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, on Tuesday for non-payment of rate, when the Bench made in every case an order for a distress warrant should the money not be paid. Lloyd-George and Co. and the officers of the Passive Resistance League attended in court. Then the S. Alban's School Board has formally resolved not to comply with the demand for rate made on it by the City Council; while Dr. Massie, of Mansfield College, and his friends have protested against the Oxford collectors declining to accept a residue of the rate, where the ratepayer, or one who should be a payer, wished to pay a portion and keep back the rest. We hope the Oxford City Council will firmly uphold the collectors in the position they have taken up. Things should not be made easy for those who want to shirk paying a portion of their rates.

Our new Dean of Arches has, we are glad to say, begun well. Indeed the complete breach with the bad tradition of Doctors' Commons on the subject of marriage licences which his letter to the Archbishop indicates has agreeably disappointed us. Whatever shadow of legal excuse Dr. Tristram may have been able formerly to plead for disobedience to his Bishop in the matter is now removed, and in view of Dr. Ingram's last distinct charge to his clergy, it is the Chancellor of London's plain duty either to fall into line with his superior or to resign his London office. Meanwhile it is curious to remark how newspapers which complain of lawless clerics describe the bearing of our recalcitrant episcopal official as dignified. It is also curious to reflect that the legal jargon on the subject of these licences, that

Doctor Dibdin has so easily exposed, persuaded such men as Jackson, Temple and Creighton that they had no alternative but to give the Doctor a free hand in the matter. On the subject itself the Bishop of London has spoken admirably. The re-marriage of the guilty party in a divorce case is plainly against the law of the Universal Church: the re-marriage of the innocent party is, as he admits, a far more open question; but things being as they are its solemnisation in church is not to be encouraged.

We have always been inclined to look to an increase of episcopal power as the easiest solution of the problem of authority in the Church. Indeed we feel sometimes that we could commit ourselves unreservedly to that position, if there were no bishops. But from time to time one or other of their Lordships puts one in a terrible hole. On this occasion, it is John of Salisbury who has upset us by his extraordinary campaign against the unfortunate Rector of Devizes. The Rector is a pronounced Evangelical, and with a most estimable parish priest, and now he suddenly finds himself confronted with a prosecution for Mariolatry. He had been presented with a very beautiful altar-cloth, which he gratefully accepted. The design, *fleur-de-lys* under a crown, did not suggest to him anything wicked. True the Madonna lilies on either side might have suggested S. Mary to him; perhaps they did, and perhaps he reflected that the Virgin after all is recognised in English theology, and is even described as "Blessed" in the Bible. However the Bishop in his Protestant zeal will have none of it. The irony of the situation is humorous; the Low Church Rector figuring as defendant to a charge of Mariolatry, the High Church Bishop as Protestant champion. Seeing that no one in Devizes, not so much as an imported informer, has taken even the semblance of offence at the altar-cloth of discord, it is amazing that the Bishop should be so unwise thus "*quieta movere*". It is not statesmanship. And really he should put his own house in order. What are the arms borne by his See? "*Our Lady Crowned!*"

Within the week two drivers of motor cars have been sent to prison, one for three months and the other for one. In the second case the magistrate told the defendant that he was lucky not to have been charged with manslaughter. Coming round a corner at a great pace in Clapham Park Road the car touched the kerb, flew off at a tangent into a cab which was smashed to pieces; and a lady was as nearly as possible run over in the career of the machine after it had cleared the cab. It was pure good luck that none of the accidents was fatal. Mr. W. S. Gilbert has written a delightful letter applauding, more *suo*, Sir R. Payne-Gallwey's suggestion that the law should permit pedestrians to fire snipe shot at any driver who drove to the public danger. We would not have Mr. Gilbert serious for anything but such excesses as the magistrates have punished this week demand more serious reformers. The motor car should be a most effective instrument for the benefit of social progress. It may greatly benefit trade, it may even help to cure the housing evils; but such indecent misuse of the capacities of the car must prevent any legislation designed to give the driver greater freedom. With their power of break they should be made safer than horses, even if they greatly exceed the greatest speed of a trotting horse. As it is they are infinitely more dangerous.

The report of the Industrial Law Indemnity Fund which is administered by a committee of well-known ladies contains curious information as to the difficulty of administering the laws for the protection of women in their occupations. To administer these laws evidence has to be obtained against employers from employees and the consequence is often dismissal for giving it. Several Home Secretaries have approved of the assistance the committee renders to the administration of the labour Acts. They have considered the question of legislation but, as Sir Matthew White-Ridley said, much more good can be done by the voluntary action of such a committee and he welcomed its formation. Lady inspectors and sanitary inspectors confirm this view,

and there is only the usual limit to the usefulness of the committee—lack of funds—which we trust may be remedied in answer to the committee's appeal. The society has its quarters in York Mansions, York Street, Westminster.

The ceremony of last Saturday marked the conclusion of an excellent piece of work, the preservation as a public park of the Marble Hill estate. A pamphlet by Mr. G. L. Gomme was distributed, giving a history of the negotiations, and, in brief, of the property itself and its past owners. Public thanks and congratulations are due to Mr. Torrance and all others concerned. We note with satisfaction the conservative treatment of the park by its new keepers. There is no "handsome iron fence", and the old character of the place is left unaltered. In only one respect has this rule been departed from. A little classic-faced orangery, whose quaint artificiality terminated one vista of the walls, and was part of the general garden scheme, has been swept away. This is surely an oversight. Is it too late to replace the structure, which was chiefly in wood? The authorities would also do well to have some planting done next autumn, both to fill up gaps made by cutting down, and to take the place, in the future, of trees that are already long past their prime.

An old Indian soldier, asked what was the finest sight he ever saw, described the effect of three hundred elephants on the march. The procession of 818 cart horses in Regent's Park on Whit Monday must have rivalled the appearance of the elephants; and of all horses, "equine animals", perhaps we should say, in deference to the journalists' sensitiveness to "tautology", the cart horse has the great share of the intelligence and memory which the elephant is supposed to possess beyond all other beasts. One may commonly hear the carters in Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, where the Shire horse has been chiefly bred since 1550, talking to these animals in supreme confidence that the words are largely understood. It was an admirable plan to associate the drivers with the horses in the recognition of merit. Prizes were given not only for the horse of best appearance but to drivers for careful grooming and for length of service. Everything that can be done to encourage the cult of the Shire horse, for many centuries a cause of real national pride, is to be desired and this parade and prize giving was a good example both of the continued quality of the horse and the increase of popular admiration for him.

Despite the absence of business stock markets maintained a fairly good tone, gilt-edged securities being a feature of strength. No effect was produced by the decision of the directors of the Bank of England to retain the official rate at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as a further reduction was not generally looked for. There has been some revival of interest in the Home Railway department; the excellent Whitsuntide traffic returns and the easier monetary conditions prevailing exercised a beneficial effect, but dealings were for the most part professional. Americans continue to display weakness, but the fact that six months of liquidation in this market have passed without disaster seems to point to financial strength. At the same time no pronounced bull movement appears to be possible for the present. Canadian Pacifics experienced a severe decline; liquidation on behalf of New York operators, who were heavy buyers a few months ago, is accountable for the fall, which, in view of the fine earnings of the railway and the expected increase in the next distribution, would otherwise be inexplicable. Kaffirs firmed up on favourable labour news, but prices subsequently gave way in the absence of support. Mr. Nourse, the representative of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, has experienced no difficulty in recruiting one thousand natives for the Rand from Lake Nyassa. It is stated that the natives are attracted by the superior rate of pay compared with local wages, and it is hoped that the Government will grant the Chamber of Mines the authority to recruit beyond the allotted number. Consols 91 $\frac{1}{2}$. Bank rate $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (21 May).

THE WORLD AND THE NEW POLICY.

SINCE last Thursday week, when Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain made what were at once felt to be historic speeches, the one international question that has absorbed attention in England and the colonies, in Europe and in the United States, has been that of British commercial policy. Mr. Chamberlain would be quite entitled to point to this widespread interest in proof of what he said at Birmingham as to the importance of this great subject in comparison with much of the parochial fuss and stir over some of the matters that have recently been on the political programme. What the nation now has on its mind affects in some way or other almost the whole of the world; and the world has not been slow to enter on the discussion. Whether ultimately we or other nations will be more closely affected neither we nor they at the present moment can tell. At first however it is clearly England and her colonies who stand most directly in relation to one another; and if they and ourselves were agreed on a policy there is enough of the empire spirit even now to act on it in face of the world's adverse opinion, as we did in the South African war. The possibility of disagreement between England and the colonies seemed unpleasantly in prospect as the first news from Australia came in a number of little cablegrams purporting to be against the views which the House of Commons and the country had been invited to consider. It was incredible that Australia could have so summarily closed the discussion on her part. Why nothing but these free-trade opinions, for so they are and nothing more, should have monopolised the cables at first is a puzzle: but it was apparent to anyone who knew Australian feeling that they could hardly represent the effective opinion of Australia. Mr. Deakin, who lately occupied the position which Sir Edmund Barton now holds as Commonwealth Prime Minister, does not explain what method he took for testing colonial opinion before he sent his cablegram referring to the asserted adverse feeling in Australia. But he is positive enough in his statement that "the Commonwealth Government and all the Governments of the separate states approve of Mr. Chamberlain's preferential trade proposals". Only the extreme section of the free traders, he says, "are opposed to them and an immense majority is assured for the new policy when it is put before the country". All the probabilities are in favour of Mr. Deakin's assertion. Amongst them not the least is, that whatever Mr. Chamberlain's own views might have been, he would not have started proposals that had no chance of welcome in Australia. Not protection *per se* is his aim, but a realisation of colonial aspirations towards empire by a particular commercial policy; and so grossly to have misapprehended the first conditions of his problem would have made his position wholly ridiculous instead of formidable. No one has ever suggested or could suggest that Mr. Chamberlain had been gravely deceived in this respect; and we may be sure that he has never seriously contemplated having, as he puts it in his letter to the editor of the "British Australian", to abandon the struggle for the reason that colonial opinion was hostile. He will have no fear in awaiting the final decision; though in the meantime he must affect that colonial public opinion has yet to be tested.

As to Canada nothing has been heard since Mr. Chamberlain's speech different from what were already known to be her feelings. Her rôle in connexion with this question is very important, and her relations with our two most dangerous trade rivals, the United States and Germany, have actually been already affected by the new departure in politics. In regard to the first, Canada's thoughts have been diverted from hankering after a reciprocity treaty with the United States; and the Joint High Commission, which was to reassemble chiefly to discuss this question, is now in abeyance, and will not meet because of the hope Canadians may indulge of preferential treatment for their imports into Great Britain. When next Mr. Goldwin Smith discusses the prospects of Canada naturally drifting towards union with the States, it should occur to him that a good deal of whatever tendency there has

been may be ascribed to a policy which the British nation is being asked seriously to reconsider. More remarkable still is the effect that has been produced in Germany. Perhaps no passage in Mr. Chamberlain's speech was so impressive to his auditors as that in which he reminded them that Germany had punished Canada for the alteration of her tariff in preference of Britain, by refusing to allow her the same favoured-nation privileges as were enjoyed by ourselves. It was this fact of Canada suffering disabilities because she had chosen to treat the Empire as a reality that made even Sir Robert Giffen come to the conclusion that something must be done. When Mr. Chamberlain spoke it is probable that he knew, what has been implicitly admitted by the German newspapers, that Germany was contemplating going a step further and imposing a surtax on Canadian products sent into Germany. That project is abandoned. It could not be persisted in by Count von Bülow after the praises lavished upon him for the "self-restraint" of the German Government in declining "to bring grist to Mr. Chamberlain's mill" or as it is otherwise expressed by the metaphor-loving Germans "to send a puff of wind from Germany to swell the somewhat slack sail of Mr. Chamberlain's plan for a British Imperial Customs federation". Prudence will probably further dictate to them not to favour Mr. Chamberlain with a stronger breeze than they have supplied him with already by their prompt dropping of the proposed surtax. It is an action which shows in the strongest light the possibilities contained in the policy of preferential tariffs; and Mr. Chamberlain scores a point as soon as the game is begun by what might be described at this moment, when the nation has not given its decision nor made up its mind, as in the nature of bluff.

We see no reason for any indignation against Germany for what she has done or was proposing to do when she was stopped from taking a further step. What she did was the natural consequence of adopting our own theory of the position of our colonies. They are, as we said last week, under our system for the most part a number of detached separate nations without systematic political connexion with each other and Great Britain so as to be in any true sense an empire. Germany cannot be blamed for taking us at our own valuation; and she did to Canada what she would not have done if Canada had formed part of a British Imperial Customs federation. So far from blaming Germany we are indeed grateful to her for having given us a much-needed lesson in logical consistency. Her newspapers take a sensible view of the situation. They are already, we may infer, not only against the proposed reprisals on Canada, but inclined to suggest the wisdom of relieving the colony from the full tariff duties to which by the autonomous action of the German law she became subject when she gave Great Britain preferential rates. We English have wasted a good deal of futile indignation over German dealings with Canada; futile that is until we showed her that we might assume the power of defending ourselves practically and that we need not like a shrew wear our heart out with words.

There is not much that calls for observation in the reception that has been given to the tentative new policy by the Americans and in France. We in England can do our own criticisms of Mr. Chamberlain, and estimate the chances of his proposals as well, to say the least, as that can be done abroad. Where there are free traders they naturally use free-trade arguments of the same kind as our free traders here; and American and French protectionists have the fairness to see that they can hardly blame us for doing what they have made us do. The special dispute between Germany and Great Britain gives more importance to German views than to the pious and academic opinions of other nations. If there had been any threat of proclaiming the tariff war against us, which has however only been made by our own free traders, the case would have been different. It would have been a real factor for consideration. In fact there has been no mention of it; and the reason is plain. It is to be found in what has happened already as soon as we appeared as the possible champions of Canada. Nor is there any reason to think that other countries will be less open to this argument than Germany.

ETON'S SORROW.

THE details of the Eton fire are so well known by this time as hardly to need recapitulation. The house involved, Baldwin's End by name, is, or rather was, a low structure, at the extreme end of what is called Barnespool Terrace, a row of houses which stand along one side of a road which turns out of the main street close to Barnes Pool. The houses occupy one side only of the road, and command a view of the Castle across gardens and river channels. It was the house—known to many old Etonians as De Rosen's—in which the Commander-in-Chief boarded as a boy; and the room, which at a recent date was occupied by the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, can now be seen without floor and ceiling, with charred and smoke-blackened window. It was a picturesque ancient irregular structure, with projecting bow-windows and balconies, and with a tiled roof. It now seems to have been strangely ill constructed, a large quantity of timber having been used, and the walls of very thin brickwork; at the back, the ground rises nearly to the sills of the lowest rooms; in front was a splendid wistaria, which was destined to play a notable part in the sad events of the night, and to provide many of the boys with facilities of escape; inside, the passages were narrow and low, mostly panelled with wood, but the rooms, adapted from what was originally a dwelling-house, were many of them of considerable size, though several of the larger had been divided at a distant date by wooden walls.

The one thought that would have occurred to anyone familiar with the house was that escape would be possible from it at almost every point, if escape was necessary. Mr. R. S. Kindersley, the house-master, had turned off the electric light as usual on the previous night, and had gone late to bed, when all seemed right. A boy woke about four in the morning and found his room actually in flames. He escaped by the window, did what he could to raise an alarm, and ran to the fire-station, where he summoned aid. Almost at the same time a master in a house on the main street, Mr. Bland, happening to be awakened by the sun streaming into his room, got up to adjust his blind; he saw the smoke rising from the house, and hurried to the spot: meanwhile the inmates were escaping as they could from the windows, the main staircase being in flames; and it was then that the creeper made descent, in most cases, a comparatively easy matter. Unfortunately in the confusion and bewilderment almost the last person to be aroused was Mr. Kindersley himself, who seems to have acted with a courage and collectedness that deserve the highest praise. The Headmaster, Dr. Warre, arrived early upon the scene; but, as half the boys were in the street, and the rest in the churchyard at the back, and as no communication through the burning house was possible, it was a matter of the utmost difficulty to ascertain whether anyone was left in the building. At last it became clear that two of the boys, Lionel George Lawson and James Kenneth Horne, were still in the house, though it was reported that one, if not both, had been seen outside. The window of Horne's room had strong iron bars. Mr. Kindersley got to the window and called, but received no answer, and could see no sign of the boy, who seems to have been rendered unconscious by the smoke in trying to reach the window. Mr. Bland, one of the masters, and Lord Caledon, a boy from another house, both of whom worked with the utmost courage and fearlessness, effected an entrance into an adjoining room, but were forced to beat a retreat; the firemen also attempted to reach the room, but the flames were now bursting from the windows. In an hour all was over; the fire was subdued, and the two bodies were recovered, the medical evidence proving beyond doubt that both had succumbed to suffocation, Lawson having evidently never awoke. The deepest sympathy will be felt with the parents and friends of the two victims, who were boys of blameless and high-spirited character; to Mr. and Mrs. Kindersley, too, the same sympathy will be extended. Unhappily the catastrophe seems to be one of those

bitter experiences from which no particular lesson can be drawn. The governing body had condemned the house as being antiquated, as they had also condemned others, which have been already evacuated: the work of constructing new houses had been pushed forward with the utmost expedition, but a place like Eton, with the great pressure on vacancies that prevails, cannot be remodelled in a day. The Headmaster seems to have called the attention of all boarding-house masters quite recently to the necessity of providing means of escape and of taking all due precautions against fire, nor does this order seem to have been neglected. It remains that the windows were strongly barred, and it appeared at the inquest that Mr. Kindersley stated with deep feeling that he had lately condemned the very bars in question. But though it is obviously necessary to provide for escape in case of fire, it is equally necessary in the interests of discipline that egress should not be made easy from a boarding-house in a town, and a house must also be adequately protected against unwarrantable ingress.

We hear that the fiat has gone forth that all windows at Eton are to be unbarred, but we would point out that one strong bar across a window, if it does not impede egress, may be a most valuable auxiliary in case of a sudden emergency. What the whole incident rather suggests is that the only satisfactory precaution in an establishment containing so many persons is a night-watchman within the house. But it must be remembered that half a century ago all school houses were much more strongly barred, that there were probably no precautions whatever in case of a fire, and that the fire brigade organisation was of a far simpler kind—and yet there seems to be no recorded instance in the history of Eton of any casualty resulting from such primitive arrangements.

Almost the only elements in the tragic story that can give any food for satisfaction are that, in the first place, it must be a matter of thankfulness that more lives were not lost in this unhappy concurrence of fatal circumstances. In the second place it must be gratefully recognised how such an event calls out qualities of bravery and energy, almost amounting to heroism, in people hitherto quite unaccustomed to danger. Mrs. Kindersley's rescue of her children and servants was effected in the face of danger and horror that might have unnerved the bravest man, and Mr. Kindersley himself seems to have behaved just as one may hope that an Englishman of the best traditions will always behave; his rescue of a servant from an upper window was a marvellous feat of activity and coolness, and effected in spite of the fact that he was considerably injured by his own descent.

Of course the public have a right to demand that boys on whose future so much depends shall not be exposed to avoidable risks. But, surveying the case, it is impossible to say what additional precautions could have been taken, except the removal of the bars, the existence of which is one of the survivals that it is difficult to uproot in a moment. Had the alarm been given a few minutes earlier, it is probable that no lives would have been lost. But the nature and position of the fire made it almost impossible to act upon anything but the impulse of the moment; and we can only be thankful that that impulse seems to have been in most cases so rational and collected. The origin of the fire is shrouded in complete mystery; it was suggested that it arose from the fusing of an electric wire—the house being lit by electricity; and the extent and position of the outbreak would lend colour to the supposition, were it not for the fact that at the central station there were no indications whatever of any unusual disturbance. Still, when all is said, nothing can detract from the sadness of the story. The thought of these two young lives, very full of promise, suppressed so swiftly, in circumstances of such horror and bewilderment, casts a shadow over our greatest public school. Nor was the last touch of fate's irony wanting, which reserved this disaster for the first of June, the eve of the annual School festival. Yet even the shadow of death cannot affect the immortality of Eton.

PARLIAMENT AND THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

"And in case the Royal Academy and such other society or association as aforesaid, if any, shall be dissolved or cease to act for the purposes aforesaid, I do hereby direct, that the trustees or trustee for the time being of this my will, shall endeavour to obtain the authority and sanction of Parliament to some proper scheme for the future application of the annual income of my residuary pure personal estate, such scheme being in strict accordance with my intention hereinbefore expressed, viz. that such income shall be for ever devoted towards the encouragement of Fine Art in Painting and Sculpture executed within the shores of Great Britain."—CLAUSE IN CHANTREY'S WILL.

IN a letter from Mr. W. J. Loftie on 23rd ult. our readers were reminded that the administration of the Chantrey Bequest has more than once been the subject of comment in the SATURDAY REVIEW. But memories are as short in these matters as consciences appear to be easy, and the actual terms of Chantrey's Will, so incompatible with the scope and quality of the collection that has been formed in his name, appear to have been forgotten by the world generally, till the subject was revived in these columns. We may therefore, before going further, briefly supplement our correspondent's reference to past history. At the time when the first of the articles referred to appeared, namely in July 1884, (seven years after the Trust came into operation), a series of questions on the subject was asked in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel*. Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, took his cue from the President of the Academy, who denied that Parliament had any jurisdiction. On further pressure, however, the Academy promised to make a communication on the subject. The session came to an end without this communication being received, and whether it was ever made we are unable to say. The policy of the Trustees was silence and confidence in general apathy.

The abuse of their office by the Trustees, already noticeable at that early date to those who were aware of Chantrey's intentions, had become still more serious by 1890, when we returned to the subject, and the years that have passed since then have brought no change of policy, and have added to the weight of the indictment recently set out by our critic. But these years have also, we think, brought about a change in the public with which the Academy has to reckon. The Academy can no longer pretend to speak for the general body of artists in this country or to command their confidence and that of the cultivated public. Twenty years ago this change in the status of the Academy would hardly have been generally admitted. Now it is common knowledge that the Academy has sunk to the level of a sectional institution. This is so incontestable that in an old stronghold of Academy prestige and useful index of public feeling, the "Daily Telegraph", we find one of the most careful and fair-minded of our critics calling for an exhibition supplementary to that of Burlington House on the model of the Champ de Mars or the various German secession exhibitions.

* The most important questions were:—

May 13, 1884.—Sir R. Peel asked First Lord of the Treasury "Whether his attention has been drawn to the manner in which the President and Council of the Royal Academy are applying the fund bequeathed by Sir W. (sic) Chantrey 'for the purchase of works of Fine Art', in the words of the sculptor's bequest 'of the highest merit', and whether steps cannot be taken for giving effect, in the interest of English art, to the express wishes of the founder".

May 22.—"Whether since giving his reply to the question with regard to the subject of the Chantrey Bequest he is aware that the subject of the administration of the Chantrey Bequest is much discussed by artists: whether, inasmuch as charitable donations and bequests by will are subject to supervision by Parliament and by commissions appointed by Parliament, the Government acquiesces in the view of the President of the Royal Academy that the Trust in question is of such an exclusive character as not to allow of any interference whatever from without: whether it is a fact that the bulk of the fund is now absorbed by members of the Royal Academy buying the works of their own body, and whether, privileges having been granted by Parliament to the Royal Academy with a local habitation at the expense of the nation, inquiry will be made, in the interest of art, into a matter affecting an institution so important in its public influence and character as the Royal Academy."

in which might be grouped together the admirable talents that are at present scattered in various independent societies. This view, echoed by writers hardly less authoritative and equally disinterested, represents, there can be little doubt, a growing impatience among the enlightened public. If this is true of the field of art at the present moment, we can see clearly enough, in the perspective of history, how imperfectly the Academy can claim to represent our art from the time of Chantrey's death onwards. Stevens, the Preraphaelites, masters of later groups like Mr. Legros and Mr. Whistler, Messrs. Morris and Burne-Jones, the majority indeed of the names that make the half-century famous, have been left out of the body that still claims to speak for English art, and has diverted a national trust to the endowment of its own current exhibitions. This national character of the Chantrey Trust was emphasised by the Commissioners of 1863 in their Report. "It appears to us", they said, "that the nation has a great interest in the proper execution of these trusts, for the testator expresses full confidence that whenever the collection of the works of art shall be of sufficient importance the Government will provide a suitable and proper building or accommodation for their preservation and exhibition as the property of the nation. It thus appears to us that the President and Council of the Royal Academy will, in fact, be trustees for the public in the purchase of these works, and in the temporary custody of them". Sir Henry Tate stepped in to supply the gallery, the nation is now fully in possession, it is only the Trustees who have failed to carry out their part of the scheme, and it is surely time for the nation to call them to account.

The Academicians themselves seem to be uneasily aware that silence will no longer serve their turn. Several of them, including Sir L. A. Tadema and Mr. Frampton, have replied, in the form of interview, to a long and able examination of the Chantrey administration which appeared in the "Daily Chronicle". In this article, besides the points already familiar to our readers, another and very damaging one was emphasised, namely the disparity between the estimate the Trustees have put upon works by their fellow-members, and the colder view, to say the least of it, taken by the sale rooms. Chantrey, it is true, directed that prices should be "liberal", but to pay more than the already inflated market price for not first-rate specimens of a painter's art is surely a travesty of his intentions. In the interviews referred to the only point of value that emerged was the statement that Chantrey's Will is read over to the Council on each occasion when purchases are made. The Council therefore have defeated his intentions not in ignorance but with their eyes open. The general line of defence is that the question involved is one of taste, and that the Academy may be trusted to judge better than "those foolish persons", as Sir L. A. Tadema calls the critics. Now let there be no mistake. There is no question of taste, unless Sir L. A. Tadema and his colleagues are prepared to assert that the work, let us say of Mr. Colin Hunter's son*, is better than, let us say a Rossetti, a Burne-Jones, Legros or Whistler. We do not think anyone in the Academy will have the hardihood to do that, yet this is what must be done to justify the purchase of that picture and the scores of which it is a type. There is therefore no question of conflicting judgment between the Academicians and the critics; there is only the question, Why were the works of those masters not bought instead of works by members of the Academic family?

But, reply the Academicians, works by these masters were not to be obtained, were not for sale "in the ordinary way". Were they not? We will borrow an illustration from a correspondent of our contemporary, and take the case of a single year. Here are the Chantrey purchases for 1892:

"Between Two Fires" (F. D. Millet), £350.

"June in the Austrian Tyrol" (J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.), £800.

"The Annunciation" (A. Hacker), £840.

- "Solitude" (G. Cockram), £150.
- "Stormy Weather" (L. Rivers), £40.
- "Life in the Street" (W. Osborne), £26 5s.
- "Indian Rhinoceros" (R. Stark), £65.

Now we will not discuss the exact class of mediocrity into which all these works fall; we will only ask whether no works of the distinction required by Sir F. Chantrey and otherwise eligible were obtainable at the time of purchase. The answer is easy. In that same summer, at a single sale, first-rate works by Rossetti and Burne-Jones, the "Eve of S. Agnes" by Millais, and the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" by Mr. Whistler were disposed of. This last picture, if we remember aright, was purchased for between £400 and £500*. Is anyone going to assert that Mr. Hacker's "Annunciation" was a picture to be bought in preference at double the money? Will Sir L. A. Tadema and Mr. Frampton put their names to that? Or do they consider that the English nation made a better bargain when they obtained a water-colour by Mr. Cockram (whoever he may be) at £150, than the French when Mr. Whistler let them have his Mother's portrait for £120?

But, it may be argued, it is desirable that artists themselves, and not collectors, should have the benefit of the Chantrey purchases. Other things being equal, this may be granted. If there is a choice between getting the best work from the artist direct, or from the collector or dealer, it is desirable that the artist should benefit. But there is not a word in Chantrey's Will to limit the Trustees to purchases from artists directly; the clause permitting the purchase of the work of deceased artists is in conflict with such a reading, and this was acknowledged by the Trustees in their purchase of Hilton's picture.†

The defenders finally make a pitiful attempt to excuse their delinquencies by the clause in the Will that prohibits any commissioning of work. This was a most wholesome provision. But the legal authority consulted by the Academy arrived at the decision that to order the execution in marble or bronze of a design in plaster would be contrary to the intention of the Will. This was a tiresome decision whose effect ought, if possible, to be removed; but to import this difficulty, which only affects the sculptors, into the painting side, and confuse the public mind by saying that certain great painters are not represented because their work could only have been obtained by commission, is to reckon too far on credulity. Will the Council inform us, from its records, what steps they have taken to assure themselves that this was so in the case of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Legros and Whistler?

The case, then, against the Trustees, is quite unanswered, and clearly calls for Parliamentary inquiry. In our view the time is ripe for a new Commission to consider the whole constitution of the Academy, as a body enjoying the gift of a public site and buildings on the understanding that it fulfils public duties.‡ But at least the mishandling of Chantrey's valuable bequest calls for sharp challenge. The preliminary question is, who are the present Trustees or Trustee besides the President and Treasurer of the Academy? Failing action on their part, it is the duty of Parliament to step in, as provided by the clause of the Will quoted above, and appoint some new body of Trustees in place of those who have used for the profit of a group the funds designed for a splendid national purpose.

* It is needless to point out that the prices of works by the masters we have mentioned have greatly risen in the interval. During the same period the prices of various idols of the hour have also altered, but in another direction.

† This transaction remains mysterious. Mr. Loftie, from a recollection of a conversation with the late Professor Middleton, thinks it was bought from the family of Hilton. But how did it come into their hands? It was placed in the church of S. Peter's Pimlico by the British Institution, whose property it was. When this church was restored it was taken down (1872) and a faculty obtained for its removal 26 February, 1877. Why in the world it should have been removed, and resold to the Chantrey Trustees, does not appear.

‡ Sir Robert Peel elicited the fact that the value of the gift to the Academy from public sources was £87,000. The Academy accepted the gift, but practically ignored the Report by which it was accompanied.

DRESS AND THE DRESSER.

"IT is quite possible" I was told by the authorities when the subject matter for these articles of mine was being discussed "to treat even dress intellectually". Now, no one who has read "Sartor Resartus" is likely to deny this, though it may be noted that Carlyle only treated of dress as a covering devised for sundry reasons including convenience. And that, of course, is not what we women mean by dress nowadays. Dress is not a mere covering; indeed it is often very much the reverse! Neither is it convenient, comfortable, nor for the matter of that even beautiful—very far from it! In fact I know of no word in the English language which is more difficult of definition than this same word dress; at least without deadly outrage either to your own self-respect or that of your audience, since it is manifestly impossible to admit that the vagaries of feminine attire are due to a divinely implanted love of beauty without perjuring your own artistic perceptions, and it is equally impossible to suggest that they are merely what the biologists call secondary sexual characteristics without endangering your moral character in the estimate of your friends. For if there be one point concerning dress on which women are continuously and permanently agreed it is that the desire to attract the other sex does not enter into the subject; or at any rate that it is very far from being the *raison d'être* of dress and fashion.

"We dress because we like to see, and feel, and make, and wear, pretty dainty things; and all nice women are as careful of their appearance, as delicate in their dislike to ugliness, coarseness, and vulgarity, when they are wholly in the society of other women as they are in that of men. In fact more so since men are ——". And here, in this very general confession of faith, follows a more or less contemptuous dismissal of the creature man which is designed to emphasise his utter unworthiness and so to prove the impossibility of considering him even in the light of a critic.

It must be admitted, however, that in nine cases out of ten the normal man is beneath even contempt in his appreciation of the niceties in dress. The husband who replied when eagerly cross-questioned by his wife (prevented from attending the marriage of the county by a new baby) as to what the bride had worn, "Worn? Dear me! Wait a bit, I'll remember—Yes! she wore white" is perhaps an extreme case of invincible ignorance if not of hopeless depravity—though the answer, shocking as it is, shows that the honest gentleman had at least tried to obey his wife's evident injunction and "use his eyes".

But taking one with another it is astonishing (and refreshing) to find how small a place dress occupies in the mind of the average man, while it is almost pathetic to notice the constancy and simplicity of his likings and dislikes in regard to it. He never desires change for change sake, and each new fashion is to him at first an outrage on the old. Then there is a curious unanimity also in the taste of men which is almost mysterious. Take for instance their perennial approval of dark blue and black, be it in serge and braid or silk and lace. If there be such a combination within view it will be singled out for approval, and should the observer belong to a woman the remark "My dear, I wish you would get a dress like Mrs. So and So's" follows as a matter of course. A remark by the way which does more than pages of print to emphasise the difference of outlook between a man and a woman on the subject of dress; since what woman would not consider it a very cogent reason why she should not copy the costume?

In fact the criticism of men (such as it is) differs from ours altogether. It runs on broader lines. Rucks, tucks, insertions, stitchings, inlayings, all the laborious fineness of adornment for which the feminine eye seeks swiftly as a means of gauging whether a gown has cost five guineas or fifteen (the which I fear me is the final crux to most women) are as caviare to the multitude of men. The general effect of them it is true may unconsciously influence even that lineal descendant of the original Adam, the outdoor man, who still has a sneaking desire to see his women-folk attired in skins, but as a rule, if he notices such aggressive

claims on his attention at all, it is with the kindly tolerance, the half-amused interest, he would give to a child's toy. Perhaps even with a vague distrust an almost pathetic wonder as he touches the incomprehensible complexity with a doubtful finger and remarks:

"What a lot of little things—and frills you know—you've got there—haven't you?"

And then? Why then I think that the most strenuous opponents of the secondary-sexual-characteristic theory must admit the tendency of such unusual perception on a man's part to make him think of kissing the wearer on the spot!

There is however a reply ready for this emergency also; one that has been given to me over and over again when I have been rash enough to point out a fact which is beyond denial. "Granted" say the Dress-for-the-Dresser party. "But are we to blame for men who ——?" (see above!)—"Have we not already taken our solemn affidavit that we dress merely to satisfy our innate sense of beauty? and surely we ought to know".

Undoubtedly we ought; but do we? Of course the majority of the women who answer thus are perfectly sincere in the giving of it. They absolutely believe it to be true, and in some ways it is literally true. The fair and florid British matron of unimpeachable propriety, for instance, who wears a clear net veil over her honest face will tell you that she does so simply to keep her fringe tidy; may even think it necessary to excuse the fringe on the ground that its absence makes one remarkable nowadays. She would be horrified, and flounce out of the 'bus if you were to tell her that the proper name of the two little opaque black circles stuck on to the said clear net veil (which she wears with a difference, one perilously near her eye, the other in imminent danger of being swallowed amid her indignant flow of words) is "kissing spot". Driven to bay by irrefragable and historical proof she would even become tearful and aver with absolute truth that she wishes she had never bought the horrid thing as the old-fashioned veils with spots all over were far easier to put on. Nevertheless her ignorance of the motif does not alter the fact that the kissing spots exist.

In like manner the innocence of offence which most certainly does exist in the minds of all nice women in their attitude towards dress does not alter its true nature. If the essence of allurement lurks in a dress or its details, unconsciousness of the fact on the wearer's part only limits its power of allurement, it does not remove it. And that is why the women's verdict that they dress purely to please themselves does not quite cover the case—except in a convent. For, despite the steadfast simplicity of the natural taste of the creature man, there is no doubt that he is singularly susceptible to direct challenge for admiration.

He has been so from the beginning. Indeed in the vestibule of the Belli Arti at Florence there are some tapestries representing the Fall of Man which ought to be carefully studied by all women; especially that tapestry which gives us Eve "trying on" her first garment of skins. Her face wears exactly the same expression of captious criticism overlaying a concealed satisfaction, of outward appeal mingled with inward delight which the dressmaker's mirror reflects to-day. But her mirror is Adam, who stands watching her half-sheepish, wholly admiring. If those two figures could speak the one would say "Do I look a perfect fright?" and the other? —

Well! there are many answers to that question, and they grow more numerous every day as we wander further and further from the Garden of Eden. More complex too, so that it is hard indeed to disentangle the truth. But surely, even if we refuse to admit the suggestion of allurement into all our daintiness of dress, there are some points regarding which it is impossible to admit too much. The King's daughter we are told was all glorious within, but it was not with the glories of cobbled tucks, machine-made hemstitchings, and cheap lace, flimsy in texture and hopelessly meretricious in design with which the low-class lingerie shops imitate the expensive indecencies of Bond Street and Piccadilly. No words, I think, can be too strong in con-

demnation of such inconceivable inanities whose only claim for recognition at all must be a recognition also of what honest women should ignore, and I know no sadder sight in London than to see nice, healthy open-faced English girls looking admiringly, perhaps longingly, at "creations" from Paris whose real import is such that were it understood by decent women they would be ashamed to be seen in the same shop with such outrages upon their sex.

To pass on, however, to the lighter aspects of dress. These are legion, as they needs must be when dress at the very smallest computation claims one-third of a woman's waking life. Think of the shopping alone! At a rough estimate there are eleven times as many "human souls and bodies consisting" in London who are spending this mortal life in matching ribbon and selling hooks and eyes as there were fifty years ago. I mean, of course, relatively to the increase of population during that time. Now this means much; for if I—this individual I—need eleven times as much assistance in shopping as my grandmother did, I must, even if I do not buy much more, spend a deal more time over my bargains. Then if I make my own dresses, even a machine does not neutralise the labour I have to spend uselessly; for what can be the use of stitching little furrows and wrinkles all over your body until you look as if you were made in segments like a centipede? Of course if one was short of stuff it might be useful as a discreet disguise to patching; but no one ever is short of stuff in these days of shoddy.

So this mode remains mysterious, like many another, such as the curious feminine fascination for a hump without which no cycle of fashion is complete. This I have noticed runs a definite and recurring course. At the present moment the excrescence shows itself at our wrists, so that our sleeves look like Santa Claus' stockings after all the toys have been taken out and the sweeties remain in the foot! An optimist might think cheerfully that in course of natural progression the swelling would pass on, and so—like Bob Acres' courage—ooze out finally at our finger tips. So it may; but it will reappear again at the back of our heads, pass down our shoulders, leap to our waists, return to our elbows and perhaps elect to continue the vicious circle through our feet. But a hump there will be to the end of time. It is, however, quite idle to speculate as to the why and the wherefore of many things in a woman's dress. Take, for instance the recurring habit of sweeping the streets with balayeuses of velvet and lace. No amount of ridicule or reason has any permanent effect on it. In fact it is to my mind some proof that consideration of the creature man does not always enter into woman's dress, since there can be no question as to his verdict on the habit. At least I think not. Stay! there is a man in the room—a magistrate—as I write. Let me ask him.

"Verdict, Madam! six weeks for the first offence, six months for the second, and six years for the third."

There is nothing like a man for making one feel crushed. I will write no more.

F. A. STEEL.

RUINES.

SOMETHING suspicious and unpleasant and alarming about this stout man, in the coarse black suit, with the great red ears and brutal hands, whose dull eyes are fixed on the façade of the Bal Bullier. Who is he, and what is his business in the Latin Quarter? He belongs more to the Rive Droite, to some commercial, moneyed thoroughfare; and should be in his office, bullying the clerks or obsequiously receiving the instructions of his employer. In the middle of the square, opposite Bullier's, he stands, staring, staring. He seems rooted to the spot. He is lost in greedy meditation. And now and again his fingers twitch, and his dull eyes glisten, with desire. Yes, it is plain that he desires the Bal Bullier. Monsieur is some landlord's agent, in quest of sites, abroad on yet another destructive expedition. He would wrest old Père Bullier's ball-room from Paul and Pierre of the Latin

Quarter, and from Mdlles. Margot and Musette and Miette and Mimi. And I can bear him thus insolently addressing them, "Allez-vous en! La boîte du Père Bullier n'existe plus", from the platform that runs round the ball-room; and fancy him hunting them out of the garden, where, in some corner, Paul is saying, "On Sunday, Mimi, when we have returned from the country, your Paul will appear at Bullier's in his boating costume and white shoes and pale blue sash; and Paul, as you know, is adorable in le boating"; and imagine him closing the flower and cigarette stalls, and expelling the orchestra, and turning out the many coloured lamps, and rejoicing barbarously in the gloom—"A moi, le Bal Bullier! On bâtira trois, quatres maisons, à six, sept étages. On fera des appartements. Bains, ascenseur, électricité. Loyers: 2,500 à 6,000 francs. Pas de faux ménages: la haute bourgeoisie, les gens sérieux. On commencera dès demain, et on travaillera la nuit et le jour". And so up with the floor and away with the band-stand and platform and pillars: and down with the lamps and off with the roof, until old Père Bullier's garden and ball-room be reduced entirely to ruins.

Alas, that we may not attack and disable the stout man in the coarse black suit, as he stands desiring the Bal Bullier! Why does not Bibi la Purée appear, to terrify him? Why do not the ghosts of Murger and de Musset glide into his room at night, and awfully approach his bedside? It would be good to see the stout man shivering with fright: hear him shrieking, "Mercy, mercy!" The ghosts should not vanish ere the stout man had sworn to suspend his ugly greedy operations in the Rive Gauche. Still, some punishment for recent vandalism. There, immediately behind him, a steep modern mansion; and on the ground floor, a brand-new café. Fine the stout man; confuse him, if possible cover him with shame. The steep modern mansion and the brand-new café have replaced an old grey house and a pleasant, restful café. One cheerless morning, ruins. One gloomy day, no "Clôserie des Lilas".

"Ici, on est paresseux. On se repose. On rêve. On respire un bon air. Et voilà", said a good Parisian of the "Clôserie des Lilas".

Only a narrow strip of terrace; but on the gravel, amidst trees and tubs of evergreens, most casually arranged, were chairs and tables and wooden foot stools. And there, on hot nights, one reflected: sipped iced drinks: dozed, or idly watched the householders "take air" at the windows or on the balconies opposite. . . . "Les grandes chaleurs!" I am back in those exhausting times, languidly observant. En déshabillé, the householders. Waiting, always waiting, for a breeze, the householders. And prostrate in his chair, with a monstrous fan, a particularly portly and apoplectic householder. Off comes his coat; and on to the balcony comes his wife to place her hand on his brow and inquire, "Tu souffres donc, mon pauvre Aristide?" And I suspect Aristide groans and groans. And I feel sure Aristide murmurs, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" And I pity poor Aristide as he fans himself and prays so fervently for the breeze that never comes; and hope the glass of lemonade, presented so pleasantly by madame—"Bois donc, mon pauvre"—may refresh her parched and panting spouse. Also, stranger spectacles. Half a man; or only the head of a man; or an arm strangely outstretched in the air. And then—yes, then—a pair of hands bobbing up and down: someone, else invisible, strumming on the piano. And in a dark room, the sudden lighting of a match. And higher up, au sixième, the sparé, lonely, pathetic figure of a vieille fille: faded I suspect, yet not without little vanities, coquettish, which, however, are ridiculed or pass unnoticed. Will it never come, that breeze? Still we sit waiting, waiting: exhausted yet expectant. Did that evergreen tremble, that branch rustle? My neighbour asks the garçon, but the garçon cannot say; and so, garçon, keep your eye on that branch and evergreen, fixedly, like my neighbour. Scarcely a sound. And even when the night is cooler, the "Clôserie des Lilas" is restful, tranquil. . . . But now—twelve months later, since the stout man in the coarse black suit first surveyed the Latin Quarter—now, confusion in the "Clôserie des

Lilas". Shouts the garçon, "Trois quarts—trois!" The harsh voice of this client rises : "C'est un voleur, c'est une canaille!" His friend replies, "C'est un vendu". A supercilious chasseur; a rack for bicycles; mirrors; menus; électricité. Perhaps, bains, ascenseur. Probably—au premier—de la haute bourgeoisie, des gens sérieux. And, always reminiscent, I wander on: and, en route, I seek vainly for a passage, a cul de sac, a stretch of terrain vague, which, a year ago, set me wondering and speculating; and have to pass more than one gang of workmen swarming on a scaffolding, and more than one old maisonnette in ruins.

However, I think I know of a maisonnette which has happily escaped the brutal attentions of the stout man in the coarse black suit. Near the Jardin du Luxembourg, in a cobbled street. Surrounded by a courtyard—heavens, what waste! And in the courtyard, three old trees, and a flower bed, and a lilac bush—the folly of it! A porte cochère; and a lodge for the concierge on the right—a concierge who should cook and sleep in one small, pokey closet! I can fancy the stout man flushing and storming and bellowing, "A moi, la maisonnette". And again, as I cross the Jardin du Luxembourg, I am back in the past, and affectionately recall it. . . . Pleasant as the maisonnette, its tenants. An English lady and her two daughters, bidden gaily and unselfishly by the Colonel in India to enjoy themselves for at least a year in Paris. And now in the sixth month of their holiday, and the height of their enjoyment. Excellent, their French. France and all that is best in the Frenchman charming and dear to them. And so, in the four small rooms that lead out of another on the first floor of the maisonnette, little soirées, attended by certain choice spirits of the Latin Quarter. At nine o'clock one passed through the old porte cochère, saluted the concierge, crossed the courtyard, mounted the wooden staircase; and was gaily and kindly received by the hostess and her daughters. Charming rooms, charmingly furnished. Low chairs and sofas. Shaded lamps and swinging lamps. Busts of Cæsar and Dante and the Venus of Milo; and portraits of ancestors, and in the place of honour, the portrait of the gay and unselfish Colonel. And a shining samovar; and frail tea-cups; and delicacies; and the works of Anatole France and Pierre Loti and Paul Bourget, and Voltaire and Rousseau, and Flaubert and Victor Hugo; and of course a piano. A lady of ladies, the hostess; equally graceful and gracious and witty, her daughters. And so the dull and the banal are excluded from these soirées, along with the ill-bred and insufferable Americans who infest the quarter. Once, and once only, is our hostess out of sympathy with a guest: one Hector Mô, eccentric, who appears in a white velvet suit and ruffle, scented, and with queer rings. "Without perfume", he languidly declares, "I should die. Do you know, Madam, what my friend, M. Victor Millefleurs the poet, said of lilies? He said: 'Hector, when the air is heavy with the perfume of lilies, I see before me a tall, blonde, and beautiful maiden, with hair of burnished golden streaming over her fair shoulders, who is gracefully approaching a pure white cathedral. The bells of the cathedral are joyful. The sky is radiant. As the maiden passes into the cathedral I hear sweet soft music: and as the vision fades a sweet soft voice murmurs, "Courage, Victor Millefleurs, you are not alone"'. Silence follows M. Hector Mô's story: the hostess and her daughters and her guests have taken an instantaneous dislike to M. Hector Mô, and no doubt M. Hector Mô tells M. Victor Millefleurs that he has passed an "unsympathetic" evening. But—Aimery de la Meuse, the student, the aspiring dramatist, he, with his gaiety and courteous manners, has an appreciative audience. Our hostess delights in him: is infinitely amused by his account of how he once entrusted his concierge with eighty-seven francs—"les économies d'Aimery"—and commanded her ever to refuse him succour, even if he went down on his knees, and wept, and wrung his hands. The concierge promised to observe his instructions; and when Aimery pleaded for a loan, and vowed it was a matter of twenty francs or the Seine, then the concierge replied, "Do not torment me, leave me in peace, and—go to the Seine". And Aimery got to hate that concierge. And after a great

scene, in which the concierge proclaimed her intention of faithfully observing Aimery's former instructions for the twentieth time, Aimery realised that the only way to obtain his economies was to leave. And thus, for eighty-seven francs, Aimery changed his abode. Then—Georges Millandy the frail, the "poet of mists and half-moons, of dead leaves and lost illusions". Georges Millandy, the veritable artist; Georges Millandy who tells "Pourquoi sont pâles les pierrots", and sings of the ironies of life, and the cruelties of the brune and the blonde and the rousse, and the plaintive haunting refrains of the "Orgue de Barbarie"—refrains heard in happier years that now seem to mock him as he sits brooding, brooding, over the past. Also, the portly, benevolent, warm-hearted and ever-generous Théo de Bellefond, patron of innumerable young poets and painters and authors, for whom he has founded a magazine and for whom he gives soirées; and who, with their ambitions and eloquence and gloom and whims, well nigh distract him. Théo de Bellefond, indignant and disgusted, over the Commune; Théo de Bellefond, gentle and romantic, over the beauties of the country: Théo de Bellefond on his feet, flushed and excited, as, with stirring gestures, he recites passages from "Ruy Blas" and "Hernani"—"le noble, le glorieux Victor Hugo"—and Théo de Bellefond troubled and almost tearful because his memory has failed him. "Je vous demande bien, bien pardon, madam", pleads Théo de Bellefond, with emotion. But our hostess and her daughters thank and congratulate the kindly Théo de Bellefond, and ply him with tea and sugared delicacies, and get him to hold forth on his favourite historical and literary subjects; until the warm-hearted Théo de Bellefond emotionally declares that nowhere is one happier, and nowhere is one more hospitably and graciously received, than "chez vous, madame", and "chez vous, mes chères demoiselles". Sincerely do we echo those sentiments as we all of us bid our hostesses good night, and descend the wooden staircase and cross the cobbled courtyard; and perhaps look up at the dimly-lighted windows of the maisonnette. "Quelle charmante femme!" "Quelles jeunes filles exquises!" "Quelle—".

The street itself! What report shall I be able to give of the little old maisonnette, when next I write to my erstwhile hostess and her daughters, who have returned half joyfully, half regretfully, to India? Who has replaced them? Is the lilac bush in bloom? Does the maisonnette —? Gone, the porte cochère. Gone, the concierge's lodge. Ladders, and pails, and bricks, and dust, and planks, and rope, and tools. A workman whistling; a workman smoking; a workman laughing with other workmen. The stout man in the coarse black suit has cried, "A moi, la maisonnette". There, piteous and tragic in the background: ruins.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

TERNS ON A SEA-BANK.

AT length come the terns to the swannery, filling the air as gracefully above it as do its genuine inmates the waters below.

"O primavera, juventute del anno!
O juventute, primavera della vita!"

which may be rendered

"Oh swans, terns of the water!
Oh terns, swans of the air!"

The rendering is somewhat free, perhaps, but I aim only at the spirit: that, indeed, I must dress ornithologically, but still I trust it is there: the spirit of poetry is not dead in the sciences—at least not in all of them: in chemistry, no doubt, it would be more difficult, but here we have to do with birds, beings as beautiful as youth and spring: more beautiful, perhaps, than some springs—or even than some youths: in England, at any rate, if not in Italy: but let that go before it goes farther: such reflections would lead me too much out of bounds. Yet this grace, this aerial aptitude, which the tern possesses equally, at least, with almost any other bird

of land or sea, is strangely mingled with something quite antagonistic to it; so that with the sense of ease and mastery amounting almost to rest that we receive whilst watching the bird, there comes also, at least there has come to me, a sense of effort, almost of toil, which is more difficult to explain. I think, however, that it is produced partly by the ceaseless motion of the wings, not spread to glide on, like a hawk's or petrel's; partly by the measured and sometimes slow, strong strokes with which they move, producing the effect of labour, even though it be not there. Possibly the often-repeated cry may have something to do with it, for this is of such a nature, so harsh and grating, even though not unpleasantly so, that it almost seems as though the wings moved like doors on hinges, hinges rusty and creaking. Yet all this does not do away with, does not even impair, the grace and beauty of their motion, of the bird's whole being; for whilst we know that this is real, we feel that the other is not, but only a make-believe, a bizarrerie, as it were, as though Ariel should feign falling from the "bat's back", as though Puck should affect to be grave, as though Perdita should pout or Imogen say something worldly, not cynical. Just as in none of these should have what was aimed at, but only a mock of it to make the other more valued, so in the tern's flight we have a mock of labour adding yet another charm to its grace and its ease.

When terns come in the spring-time they come to breed; and if only the weather be warm and bright whole days may glide pleasantly away in watching their breeding habits. One should come in the very early morning, just treading on the skirts of night, when the moon, still bright, is shining palely on the pale birth of a lovely day. A few but only a few of the terns are as yet on the wing, wandering backwards and forwards over their loved haunts, like ghosts surprised by the dawn. These birds are as nature is. They take her tone, and are sunny gleams or dusky shadows as she is bright or grey. As the dawn advances their numbers increase, and they sweep in circles over land and sea, crossing the bank each time, and doing so again and again. They fly, now, in little bands, nearer to each other than is their wont, linked as it were together, girdling the pure still air of morning with a silver chain. Morning, but it is still night upon the sea. This great vast bank grand in its low monotony divides nature: fading night is on the one side of it, dawning day upon the other. But slowly day advances, the sea-horizon becomes, by faint degrees, a broad cincture of mauve and violet, dyeing the waves and fading from them upwards. It is like the wide-flung essence of a rainbow, paled by diffusion but made more lovely by it, too. And now there is an effect worth recording, for it cannot I think be often witnessed by our bed-and-nature worshippers of to-day. Though the moon has become almost white yet she is still luminous, and in this early dawn-light she flings pale dancing sparkles like a silver sunlight on the sea. They resemble fishes leaping out of it, the most delicately-hued ones, mackerel, say, or you may mistake them, I have myself really done so, for a flight of the silver terns just hanging poised above the water. It is no common effect, this. The moon for this brief dividing-time takes the sun's place and does his office in a way that is neither like himself nor her. A few minutes and the lovely novelty is gone. The waves look coldly as though waked from a dream. Night yields her empire. It is dead, the moonlight, just as the sun's first pale gold comes, stealing first then stepping stately over the crest of eastern hills. In a word, he who watches the terns on their breeding-banks at day-dawn when the weather is set-fair will see more, much more, than the terns.

Long before one would think they could see to catch a fish the terns are fishing. Everyone knows how they fish, how they circle, hover, pause, descend, glide up and off, and then circle, pause, hover again, till finally pressing their long thin wings against their silver sides, they fall head-first in an arrow-like manner, spitting the water with their red fiery spear-point of a bill and disappearing bodily beneath it for a full second of time. One is struck by the number of times that the plunge

or dive is about to be made but is not. At every point of preparedness, up to that of the beak almost touching the water, the bird will swerve gracefully off and continue its circling, watchful flight. This is most interesting to see. Were the sea a marble platform or steel mirror not a tern that changed its mind would ever hurt itself, though often within a hair's breadth of being dashed to pieces. From this hesitancy and oft-maneuvring one might infer the difficulty which even these skilled fishers have in securing their prey, and this conclusion is borne out by the result. Only once, on an average, out of several plunges, does the tern rise with a fish in its bill, and when he does so he immediately flies with it to that part of the bank where he and his mate have established themselves. Not that there are as yet any young to feed, for the eggs have not even been laid. It is the time of courtship, if that can be called courtship where the majority of the couples have been married for a longer or shorter time—for that most birds pair for life, that this is the rule with them and not the exception, I have, myself, very little doubt. It is customary for one of each of these married pairs, let us say the female for the sake of simplicity, to stand or sit on the shingle, probably on or near the spot where the eggs will be laid, and to receive, at intervals, the visits of her spouse, who, between whiles, flies about over the water, hawking for fish as described. When he makes these visits he frequently brings a fish in his bill, and this he will sometimes eat beside his wife, but sometimes, also, he will give it her. He may come down just in front of her with it, holding it up, as it were, for her inspection and approval. She then, with wings a little extended and drooping, takes the fish, and all is over; it is the simple, one may almost say the bald, style of things.

But take this scene, into which a little more of spirit and coquetry enters. The male seems now to make a proffer of the fish, even to press it upon his wife's acceptance. She for her part seems inappreciative of these attentions, undervalues the gift, does not want it, and this coy mood continues for some time. But all at once she turns, and with a quick, little, snappy sort of peck takes it and flies away with it. Much more often, however, there is a sort of parading yet withholding of the fish, which leads to nothing—a more selfish and less edifying display. The bird bringing in the booty alights in these cases with his head held high, and moves about the other one with an important sort of look and a step which would be a strut if his legs were not so short. Upon this his wife looking up opens her bill, but without advancing, and with a kind of half indifference, an expression which suggests a divination of how the thing is going to end. For the important bird, having displayed the fish, seems to think he had better not part with it, and his mate, as though not to be trifled with, after making a little bob forward with the beak still open, flies abruptly off. All this, at least when the fish is given, is a kind of courtship, or rather, nuptial endearments, as to the origin of which in terns and other birds I have ideas which I will keep as closely to myself at present as the important bird recorded did his fish, though not for the same reasons.

They are not the only connubialities that may be witnessed between the male and female tern. There are others that are more impressive if less psychologically interesting. Standing together in the shingle, either side by side or fronting one another, both of them will droop their wings on the ground, raise their tails a little, and toss up their heads to such an extent that they point with the crimson and black-tipped bill almost perpendicularly towards the sky. They hold them thus for some little time, and having at length brought them down again make various odd little jerks of the body, turning to one another as though with mutual congratulations upon having accomplished something of very considerable importance. Again, and this is the prettiest of all, one of the pair (as I conjecture) will fly up to some height above the other and then hang in the air, alternately rising and sinking, beating the wings very strongly all the while, and more rapidly than in ordinary flight, but remaining stationary except for the up-and-down movement. Thus suspended on quivering pinions he bends his head downwards,

looking on the bird beneath, and at intervals distends the bill very widely, so that it looks like a red pair of scissors, and then closes it again. All at once he makes a dash downwards upon the object of attraction, ascending again as the latter jumps up at him with raised wings and open beak: and this may continue for some little time, till at last the aerially disporting bird descends and rests beside his mate. In these displays, as it has appeared to me, the one bird does not, as a rule, hover exactly over the other, but rather a little in front of it, so that it is well seen, the brilliantly coloured mandibles are made the most of, and the fine black velvet skull-cap, an adornment that any old gentleman might envy, has full justice done it, owing to the bending down of the head. This, at least, is the interpretation which I am inclined, at present, to put upon these interesting actions.

EDMUND SELOUS.

TO R. B.: AN ARCHITECT.

ADDICTED, it appears, to neither school
And uncathedralled yet was Liverpool—
Stupendous thought! Sing, Muse, and make thy
theme
The pointed arch and trabeated beam—
Whether 'tis wiser for the eye to suffer
The Gothic trash of some post-dated duffer
Or bid him for his holy purpose stick
To strong steel girders and the handy brick.
I to concession not like Ruskin loth
Make it my modest pride to like them both.
I pass at Petersham some plain brick box—
Dined at, I like to think, by Pitt or Fox—
Its Attics it disclaims (and is I am sure
Entirely guiltless of Entablature).
It boasts a white Corinthian colonnade
To catch the summery sun and wintry shade
Up to whose capitals bewired in vain
Straw-laden sparrows soar and build again.
This place of residence I may not covet
But none the less I like it—Nay, I love it—
I who of late—so pluvious Jove allowed—
Saw Lincoln grey against a thunder cloud,
And, entering on the morrow to admire
Remained to idolise her angel choir—
There stands the immortal immemorial fane—
And they who built it shall not build again.
But thou whose fame beyond thine own abode
Extends for miles along the London road—
Go add thou brick to brick and stone to stone
Be nought original yet all thy own—
Build comfortable homes for modern men
And sink into thyself and be a Wren—
But, bless my soul, while here I sit too-toeing
That's just precisely what the man's been doing!

ARMINE T. KENT.

THE WAGNERIAN OPERA.

IN 1813 Wagner was born in Germany. He, like Verdi, has his biographers with their apocryphal anecdote. Glasenapp, who has written the longest Life, has collected much of this stuff, and printed it, and at the present time I believe Mr. W. Ashton Ellis is still engaged in translating it. Still, it is only fair to say that the Wagner myths are not so utterly nonsensical as those that cluster round the name of Verdi, and many of the stories related by Glasenapp seem to be true. Anyhow, they were never used to boom Wagner. His boom came late in life—seven or eight years before his death—and that boom was not the work of industrious press-agents, amateur and professional, but of the mad King of Bavaria. During the greater part of his days indeed the booming came from those who did not like his music and wanted to boom him down to the nethermost pit, not up to the hill at Bayreuth. He was never boomed on tales of his infancy in newspaper paragraphs. There is no Wagner "bubble" to prick. Mr. Rowbotham blew one some years ago and pricked it himself—which was a pity, for it was a very nice one. His music was boomed when he was sixty years old; and Bayreuth was boomed; but when the first Bayreuth festival failed, Wagner first proclaimed the truth.

His musical development was so very different from Verdi's that I must begin, and deal briefly, with his earlier works. Unlike Verdi he had mastered the whole technique of all the ages before he wrote his first serious work. He knew all that could be learnt from Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Weber—not to mention Méhul, Gluck and Spontini—before he composed "Rienzi". But passing over "Rienzi" and going on to "The Flying Dutchman" we find a composer who not only is acquainted with the means of dramatic expression but has considerable skill in using them. Much is old-fashioned, much clumsy, but it is hard to think one could have heard its first performance without saying, as Mozart did of Beethoven, "There is a young man who will make a noise in the world"—not that one would have ventured to say it, for, after all, it will be readily granted that we are not all quite Mozarts. In "Tannhäuser" the absolute master is proclaimed. And here we must pause for a moment.

German literature, and especially poetry, had been a growing influence, through the song, on music for a long time. Through setting the words of German poets music had been penetrated by a distinctive German spirit: it had been fertilised by German literature; and a distinctive form of expression had been gradually evolved. In its evolution the folksong had also played an important part. The German spirit is equally apparent in the classical Beethoven and the romantic Weber. In "The Flying Dutchman" tentatively, in "Tannhäuser" deliberately, definitely, once for all, Wagner discarded all such historical subjects as "Rienzi", and set to work to enrich his music by going back to the old Teutonic legends and myths and finding his inspiration there. His flair was never more conspicuously shown. We need only compare his process and what he arrived at—"Lohengrin" and the "Ring"—with Verdi's process of setting good or bad librettos as they came along and never arriving at new modes of expression, to see which was the better plan. The day he decided to do that, and not the day he determined to write no more "Rienzis", was the more fatal for him; the abandoning of set numbers was less important, if it was not simply a corollary. Henceforth, lashed by the need to express in music hitherto unuttered things, he was driven to build up the magnificent technique of the "Ring" and of "Tristan". When he had done them he had indeed, as he is said to have claimed, "made a German art".

The rest is soon told. After "Tannhäuser" came "Lohengrin", still Weberish; then, after a pause "Tristan", the "Ring", "The Mastersingers", and last, "Parsifal". There is no need to point out further how the very stuff of the music itself in all these has become changed through the informing national spirit, working through Wagner, that came from the national legends. While Verdi had added nothing, because he fed himself from no new resources, Wagner had

endowed music with all the means of expression in use in the latest compositions of this day. He took up music where Weber and Beethoven had left it, and he left it where we know. Verdi took it up where Donizetti left it, and he took it no further than "Aida".

Here then is the conclusion of the whole matter. Music has grown to giant stature in Germany where all that the past brought forth was kept, where nothing was lost but something added in each generation, where music was continuously fertilised and fed from the national legends and literature. Even with Richard Strauss we see the process going on; he has gone to Nietzsche for his inspiration and if he has done nothing else he has at least been whipped and spurred on to an extraordinary command of the orchestra by the pressing need of a means of expression for literary or philosophic ideas. Whether he has succeeded in expressing those ideas is not at present the question. There at least is the attempt, and at least one result of the attempt. The young Italians are babies compared with him; there is no endeavour to utter anything new in their music, and their scores are barren: all the riches of the past have been neglected; there is nothing but the cheapest, commonest devices of the present.

Finally, how do we stand in England? It seems to me our composers are too prone to think they can create a national music by a delightfully simple process of eliminating something from German national music. They can do nothing of the sort. We must keep everything that Germany can give us; and we must gradually infuse our own life into our music by nourishing it from our own literature and poetry. The process may take a long time; but there is no other way. Away with such themes as "Saul", "The Rose of Sharon", "Eden" and the rest; let the dead past bury its dead: are there no other matters that can stir the brain and blood of an English composer that we must everlastingly be trying to do again what was done superbly and finally a couple of centuries ago? If there are none, let us own it and face the fact that we shall never have a national music. But there are plenty of subjects to interest literary men and poets; and I believe there are plenty for the composers. We want more intellect brought to music: we have plenty of men who are gifted on the purely musical side; but they never get anywhere because they do not drive themselves to find new modes of utterance: they cheerfully go on doing the old thing, really getting nothing of their true selves into their music. A parrot may talk very well; but it does not help to modify, re-shape, the language it speaks. The moral is clear.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A NEW FARCE.

THAT is to say, a farce that has just been produced. Judged apart from its date, "Just Like Callaghan" is old indeed. Except under a microscope, it is indistinguishable from any of those other British or Gallic-British farces whose ghosts are raised, rather wantonly, in the Souvenir Album presented to every member of the audience on the first night at the Criterion Theatre. Farce is a dramatic form, and, as such, is comprehensive of all phases of human life and human character. Whatever men do is material for farce, as for comedy, tragedy, melodrama. And it is a curious thing that farce is restricted, by our writers of it, to the kind of things that are done by one particular kind of man, or rather to the kind of things that might be done by one particular kind of harmless lunatic. Suppose (a hideous hypothesis) someone whose knowledge of life were derived solely from our farces. Such a person would believe the world to be peopled by husbands who spent their time in desperate efforts to prevent their wives from detecting their perfectly innocent relations with other women. From Parisian farces, of course, he would deduce that every husband really was unfaithful. But London, as having a more prudish population, insists that there must be no hint of actual immorality. Tête-à-têtes in public restaurants

—thus far and no further may the hero of a farce urge on his wild career. But, as our farces are either adapted (like "Callaghan") straight from Parisian farces, or are written on the general Parisian model, the hero's soul-state is ever that of a deeply guilty man. He employs all the wisdom of the serpent to conceal the almost impalpable line of demarcation between himself and the dove. The other day the Stage Society produced a very witty comedy founded by Mr. St. John Hankin on the usual farcical basis. And there we had an extreme case of the absurdity that comes of a compromise between Parisian license and British prudery. Mr. Hankin's hero did not even lunch with a lady in a restaurant. He went to his club, played a game of billiards, drank a glass of spirits and mineral water, and went to a music-hall. That was the sum of his enormities. Despite his prodigious ingenuity he was detected by his wife. It is, of course, necessary to the game that the wife should take the same view of morals as is taken, though not acted on, by the husband. And in Mr. Hankin's play the wife definitely stated that she could no longer live under the same roof with such a man. There the absurdity struck one the more violently because, as I have said, the treatment of the theme was comedic. There was no horse-play, but much witty dialogue in its stead, and much clever delineation of character. The persons of the play were quite real to us; and accordingly their unreality in this one vital respect was all the more irritating. In a pure farce, of course, one is not so exigent. Nevertheless, even there we must have some basis of likelihood. The characters must buffet something more solid than air. And English farces fail to amuse us because we have to supply that something out of our own inner consciousness of what must have happened in the Parisian version. That is one reason. Another, a larger reason, is that we are all heartily sick of the figure of the deceptive husband. We have had enough of him. Let him rest. Of course, you may say that we cannot dispense with him, that he is inherently necessary to farce. If you do, you merely convict yourself of being unable to distinguish between true and false traditions. The only reason why the deceptive husband has undisputed possession of farce is that farce-writers are lazy and imitative, like the rest of us, and prone to the line of least resistance. It is easier to write a play on a trite theme than on a new theme. On the other hand, there comes a time when every theme becomes too trite even for the British public. That time has overtaken the deceptive husband. And thus to write about him is not really for our farce-writers the line of least resistance. Let them look about them, casting their eyes over that vast range of human types, every one of whom is, as I suggested, not less amenable than another to treatment in farce.

Of "Le Coup de Fouet" I knew nothing, and from the first act of Mr. Cosmo Lennox's adaptation I deduced that it was a play in the manner of "The Two Mr. Wetherbys"—a comedic treatment of the theme sacred to farce. Certainly, there was plenty of amusing dialogue in the first act; and I, who had been enjoying it, was rather taken aback when an expert assured me that it "dragged". For me the "dragging" process began anon, when the fun became (as the expert would say) fast and furious. One character going down on all fours, and letting another ride on his back; shouts, screams, yells; doors slamming, and bursting open—in this kind I have no sense of humour. Nor do I delight in a series of entanglements complicated to a pitch when all the persons of the play are tearing their hair in a frenzy of mystification. In other words, I don't care, personally, for farce as a dramatic form. I can imagine a child enjoying a romp. I can imagine a child contemplating wistfully a romp from which it is excluded. But I cannot imagine an adult enjoying the contemplation of other adults paid to romp on the other side of a row of footlights. Similarly, I can imagine a child concentrating its brain on such problems as a farce presents to us—why does A ram his hat on his head and dash out of the room after telling B that C is really D, and why does E, at sight of F, swoon away.

under the impression B is A? By keeping one's attention fixed grimly on even the most ingenious of farces, one can, I suppose, master its manifold ramifications. But it seems to me strange that any adult should have so much patience. Many adults, however, have; and doubtless derive through it the subtle kind of gratification afforded by the puzzles in the snippet press. Many of them, too, really are tickled and exhilarated by the sight of carefully rehearsed horseplay. But I maintain that this horseplay and these manifold ramifications are not matters with which a critic can concern himself. I can say that the dialogue in the first act of "Callaghan" was full of amusing little conceits, and that it was so constructed as to leave us in lively anticipation of a contest of wits between two of the principal characters. But I must decline to decide whether the subsequent complications were too complex or not complex enough, too quick or not quick enough, or whether they were just perfect of their kind. Nor have I a standard whereby to appraise the various acts of physical violence with which the complications are studded. The public should do its own criticism of farces.

I am at the same disadvantage in criticising the performance. Even as farce is different from comedy, so should it be differently acted. I conceive that the manner and deportment and elocution of the mimes should be consciously grotesque. Mr. O. B. Clarence, in this play, utters odd sounds, and puts his body through odd contortions. And Miss Annie Hughes talks, as usual, in that shrill plaintive monotone which is, at any rate, quite distinct from ordinary human speech. But whether these two artists are really funny I have no means of knowing. They act to an accompaniment of the public's laughter; but that, for aught I know, may be due to the quality of the words spoken by them. Let me give them the benefit of the doubt, and assume that they really are funny. Neither Mr. Fred Kerr nor Miss Fanny Brough is funny in voice or manner. Each behaves like a normal human being. Each, therefore, must be amiss here. But I very much prefer comedians in the wrong place to farcists in the right one.

MAX BEERBOHM.

NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE.

THE Norwich Union Life Office has several remarkable characteristics, all of which are beneficial to its policy-holders. Perhaps the most striking of these is the way in which it has for some years past obtained extremely large amounts of new business at a rate of expenditure which is steadily decreasing. This is such a wholly exceptional accomplishment that it is worth referring to in some detail. In 1896 the new sums assured were only one million and a half; while last year new policies were issued for £2,845,455. The progress will be more readily seen by stating that for every £100 of new assurances issued in 1899, £122 was issued in 1900, £154 was issued in 1901, and £161 in 1902.

New business is of value to existing policy-holders in a life office in consequence of the more favourable mortality among lives that have recently passed medical examination; but, as we have so often insisted, a large new business is, with the exception of two or three offices, normally accompanied by an expenditure which inflicts upon existing policy-holders a disadvantage that more than counteracts the benefit from improved mortality; while only too frequently, offices that are eager for new business at any price grow careless in the matter of medical selection, and receive little or no benefit even from favourable mortality. The Norwich Union avoids these two pitfalls in very effective fashion. Care in selection is indicated by the fact that the proposals received exceeded the amount of the new policies actually issued by more than half a million. The expenditure at which this rapid extension of the business is conducted is so low as probably to be without parallel. In 1898 the new business cost 57 per cent. of the first year's premiums; in 1899 it cost 56 per cent.; in 1900 the cost was 57½ per cent.; in 1901 54 per cent., and in 1902 only just over 53 per cent. The

expenditure upon renewal business was one-tenth of this rate. Last year shows the largest new business ever transacted, and the smallest rate of expenditure, so that the Norwich reveals the remarkable state of affairs that the benefit from more favourable mortality through the influx of new lives is not only accompanied by the further benefit of decreased expenditure, but the former benefit actually seems to be the cause of the latter.

Only the most skilful management and organisation could accomplish such a result as this, and any organisation, however good, would fail to do so much were there not very solid merits in the policies that are sold. The results under the policies were well shown at the last valuation, when the reserves were greatly strengthened, and the bonuses increased. We have already referred to the new business and economy of management as sources of profit, and the mortality experience of last year shows that the mortality was less than the amount expected to the extent of £55,000. A further large contribution to surplus is derived from the rate of interest earned upon the funds exceeding the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities by 1½ per cent. The rate actually earned was £4 os. 5d., and the rate employed in the valuation 2½ per cent. It will thus be seen how the policy-holders benefit by the adoption of a low rate of interest in valuing the liabilities. The society has funds in hand which would enable it to meet all its liabilities if the funds only earned 2½ per cent. but as they earn 4 per cent. there is a margin not only for security, but for bonuses, of 1½ per cent. per annum of the funds. Another feature of the Norwich, in regard to which it has few equals, is that its policies not only give excellent results but can be adapted to suit all kinds of circumstances. If any one of the usual tables does not meet a man's needs, the society is always prepared to issue special policies that will do so, and the advantage of being able to obtain special policies in this way is sometimes very great.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 30 May, 1903.

SIR,—Your compliments are so comfortable that I regret to find myself at variance with your dogmas. But before we may argue effectively we must agree upon a common language. Pray, Sir, what do you mean by empire? In what sense is it an antithesis to free trade? I suppose that you do not go so far with Mr. Chamberlain as to endorse his opinion: "L'empire c'est moi"; I trust I may never find you proclaiming that every opponent of the Colonial Secretary is unworthy to be regarded as a Tory and a patriot. But you fail to use the word empire in its historical sense, and I have a shrewd suspicion that, when you say empire, you really mean confederation. Empire is better clap-trap at home, but confederation would be more flattering to those colonial susceptibilities, which Mr. Chamberlain holds up for worship and sacrifice. You suggest that we shall "create a real Empire" if we associate ourselves with the colonies in "mutual fiscal arrangements". This is to take a strange liberty with language. We have "a real empire" in India, but the new protection does not propose to consider her needs. In order to drag the colonies into "a real empire", you would require to subject them to British government.

Because he is Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain seeks to aggrandise the colonies at the expense of the mother country. As it is, we give them all the benefits of free trade and they retort by penalising our products. He now proposes to tax our foreign supplies of food in the vague hope that the colonies may be induced to reciprocate with a preference for our manufactures. Protection all round is bad enough, but preferential tariffs are economically worse. You may not mix business and sentiment with impunity. At present,

with pure protection, the colonies subject themselves to a grievous but logical tax. If they give us a sentimental preference, they will diminish their revenue without materially relieving their consumers.

At present, under free trade, this country has attained to a zenith of prosperity unparalleled in the history of nations. Abandon free trade, and that prosperity must fade away. You may scout the idea of bread riots as no more probable than Jacobite risings. But people who might hesitate to risk life and liberty for the sake of dynastic questions are not necessarily passive when starvation stares them in the face. Even in this age of incomparable prosperity, poverty remains a painful problem. Stroll along the Embankment by night and you shall see gaunt, ragged forms huddled upon benches for lack of a night's shelter; question the slum-dwellers and you shall find that meat is regarded as a luxury, that bread is not always within their reach; visit houses of refuge, as I have done, and you shall convince yourself that a crust or a cup of cocoa is welcomed as a godsend. Sir, you are sadly mistaken if you imagine that Toryism has ever ignored the sufferings of the poor. You suggest that my Tory views are inconsistent with a refusal to place a cruel tax upon the food of the people. But in the old Tory days, wealth was held to carry responsibility with its privileges, the rich were kind to the poor, there were always feudal lords or country squires, who ministered to the needs of their dependents, there were monastic establishments, which kept open house for all who suffered in body or in soul. Have you reflected upon the consequences of raising the price of food? Do you realise that thousands of unfortunate toilers, who may now just manage to make both ends meet, will have to dispense with the necessities of life? By God, sir, when that day comes, I trust that my fellow-countrymen will have the pluck to riot for their bread; that they may call to account the vain, cynical minister, who has sought a new lease of office at the risk of their lives. Let him remember Foulon.

Sir, I appeal to you to pause before you commit yourself and your party to so cruel a policy. I appeal also to our brethren beyond the seas to pause before they accept a paltry profit at the cost of men's and women's lives. The colonies are rich, they thrive, they have proved in the battlefield that their hearts still beat in unison with ours. Will they, for the sake of a small commercial advantage, condescend to accept the price of the blood of the poor?

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Sir, your very faithful, humble Servant,

HERBERT VIVIAN.

[We cannot help thinking that Mr. Vivian comes to this question new; otherwise it is impossible that so brilliant a mind could thus serve up the very ancient economic saws Mr. Vivian treats us to in this letter. He will not expect us to argue with him the whole economic question in an editorial note. But we must, with the excessive diffidence characteristic of the SATURDAY REVIEW, disclaim the power Mr. Vivian ascribes to us of committing the Unionist party to any particular policy. We must also protest against Mr. Vivian's assumption that we know nothing of the lives of the poor. No reader of this Review will say that it lacks sympathy with the working people, or that it neglects the consideration of their needs. Moreover what we know of the poor and of their lives has not been acquired to meet demands of journalism or of political necessity.—ED. S. R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I admit that in more than one direction there is very much to be said in favour of protection. But is Mr. Chamberlain's general scheme practical? The scheme appears admirable in itself and must touch the hearts of all. But is it practical? Roughly speaking Great Britain takes only raw stuffs and food from her colonies; roughly speaking she supplies her colonies in return with only things manufactured. Under the

scheme there must be honest "give and take". Will a new country like Australia with rising manufactures agree to give Great Britain comparative free trade in manufactures? Can one scheme ever be accepted by innumerable colonies—and India—with varying wants and objects? Can one scheme be made suitable for all? Again, with free trade Britain holds in her hands a very weapon making stronger for peace than all her ironclads. Nations, even the most ambitious, move now under principles of enlightened selfishness. If Germany, France or even the United States enter on war against us then, before a blow is struck, they lose the first trick—trade with England. I have no doubt that during the last few years we have been, in great measure, free from attack because all continental nations well knew that war with Great Britain, successful or unsuccessful, spelt economic loss or ruin to their people. Again, is it a true sign of imperial power and self-confidence for a nation to fortify itself against outside competition? Is not the hard fibre of the Briton that we boast made out of our constant struggle, under free trade, against the whole world? Admit for the sake of argument we are being beaten in trade. Why? Because success now depends on educated intellect, not brute force. Because Switzerland pays fifty-five shillings a head for the higher education of her people where we pay five: because the German, the Frenchman and American pay more attention to the education of the intellect than does the Briton. Fiscal legislation did not build up the German chemical industry. Abandon free trade as a principle and we abandon the strongest weapon we hold working for peace: we destroy that universal competition under which the self-reliance of the Briton has been evolved. And more, we lose our proudest boast. The Briton can now say he belongs to the one and only nation which fights the whole world on equal terms—in the open, without fortified protection. Shall this boast of the gentleman be lightly surrendered? Mr. Chamberlain's scheme must touch the hearts of all. But is it practical? Is it imperial? Surely true imperialism is to leave our countless colonies, scattered over the face of the earth, each to develop freely under diverse environments while we are all knit together by common blood and the imperial spirit of common determination to resist outside aggression.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE WAR OFFICE AND FRENCH BINOCULARS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Naval and Military Club, 96 Piccadilly, W.

30 May, 1903.

SIR,—I understand the War Office has lately issued tenders for the supply of about 7,800 binoculars for the Army. 500 were given to an English firm, the rest to a French. If the Admiralty consider the glasses of English manufacture good enough for them, is there any reason to suppose they would not be good enough for the War Office?

Yours truly,
S. R-H.

THE PERFORMANCE OF CONTRACTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

119 and 120 Chancery Lane, London.

27 May, 1903.

SIR,—In your notice of Sir E. Fry's work in your issue of the 23rd in the concluding sentence your reviewer says "it is curious to notice that such an *important case* as 'Dillwyn v. Llewelyn' finds no mention in the book". Neither the learned author or [sic] his editor considered the case came under the head of "Specific Performance of a Contract" it being a case of a "gift", it is not reported in the regular series of Reports of

that date (1862), and therefore we think was very properly omitted.

Yours truly,

STEVENS AND SONS LIMITED.

J. A. Warwick, Director.

[It is somewhat difficult to construe this letter. We do not know if it is published with the full concurrence and authority of Sir E. Fry and the learned editor. If it is, we are almost driven respectfully to suggest they should read the report of *Dillwyn v. Llewelyn* : it is not necessary here to enter into a legal disquisition ; it is enough to quote the Lord Chancellor's words :—"The subsequent expenditure by the son, with the approbation of the father, supplied a valuable consideration originally wanting, the memorandum signed by the father and son must thenceforth be regarded as an agreement for the soil extending to the fee simple of the land. . . . The only enquiry, therefore, is whether the son's expenditure on the faith of the memorandum supplied a valuable consideration and created a binding obligation. On this I have no doubt : it therefore follows that the intention to give the fee simple must be performed." In other words the case in effect is not one of "gift", but practically of a contract to sell, which the court compelled to be carried out. As practical conveyancers know, the case is one of considerable importance and utility.—ED. S. R.]

THE WOMAN-WORKER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Public School, Kokstad, East Griqualand, C.C.,
28 April, 1903.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the remarks of your correspondent "A Woman-Worker" and feel heartily in accord with her. I should like to add that, though, for over twenty years, my home was not many miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne, I am now working in one of our colonies and have found that parents who have boys and girls at school here make it their business and often their pleasure to become acquainted with the teachers of their children, to try to interest them in the children's individuality and to sympathise with them and help them in the management of the children. I have met with much gratitude from parents in this district for any special help given to a promising pupil.

The life of a teacher here is so full of keen interests and there is so great a feeling of the pioneer spirit in her work that it would be rank ingratitude to the Providence that created the opportunity to be a "wailer", for there is plenty of work to be done and little time for rest, much less for wailing.

If only every teacher would take as hers the ideal that "A Woman-Worker" holds up for us !

I am, Sir, yours truly,
ANOTHER WOMAN-WORKER.

RICHBOROUGH CAMP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Widdington, Newport, Essex,
31 May, 1903.

SIR,—Since you have been so good as to open your columns to this question, can you find space to say that Sir L. Alma Tadema has subscribed £5 to the Excavation Fund "trusting it will induce others to follow suit"? I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

GEORGE CLAUSEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bedford, 31 May, 1903.

SIR,—It is now eighty-one years since the great underground building was first revealed within the grey walls of this old Roman station, which still remain in strength on three sides of its enclosure. Any passenger on the rail from Ramsgate to Sandwich may see them out of the window on his right. Fifty-three years ago Mr. Roach Smith called attention to the

subject in his well-known monograph. Recent excavations have been mostly on the surface, exploring the vast platform of concrete, five feet thick, which covers and overlaps the subterranean block. Such remains as have been found point to nothing in the way of superstructure requiring so mighty a foundation, but rather indicate a wide piazza above, with enclosing colonnade and the slighter buildings suitable to a forum. In 1900 Mr. Garstang laid bare a portion of the marble pavement, *in situ*, and many details of marble step-nosings, mouldings, and casings of columns have been found ; also a fragment of a colossal statue of bronze. It is clear that this station of Rutupiae boasted rich and notable public buildings, as beffited the chief port on the coast, and the place of call for the Roman fleets.

The underground block, not being necessary as a mere foundation, must have had a constructive purpose of its own. Mr. Roach Smith always declared his belief that it was hollow, probably a vaulted structure used for storage or as an arsenal. The suggestion that it may have been the *Ærarium* of the station is another alternative.

In the old days the sea beat all round the small island on which the castrum then stood, and as the fourth wall, now lost, was on the lower level by the water, some thirty feet below the rest, it is most likely that the entrance will be found on that side, facing the shore or wharves, and at the bottom of the building. As this can only be some sixty feet away from the foot of the cliffs, it may be best to approach it through the sand, and to channel off to the river any water met with on the way. Even if rifled after the going of the Romano-British legions, much may still remain to illustrate the story of the Roman occupation. It is safe to say that such a place in France, Germany, or Italy would long ago have been fully explored, and it is to be hoped that the letters of Mr. George Clausen and Canon Routledge in your recent issues, together with Sir L. Alma Tadema's contribution to the excavation fund, may lead to renewed efforts to open up the remains on this historic site.

A. R. GODDARD.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 June, 1903.

SIR,—Your correspondent "An English Churchman" remarks that the new R.C. cathedral at Westminster—being of Byzantine architecture—"does nothing to emphasise the English aspect of the Roman Faith".

In preference, he favours the "Anglo-Norman or Early English styles". But do not these, one and all, fail to emphasise anything but the English aspect of pretended art revivals, which are impossible, resulting only in scenic shamming, commenced by Pugin and continued by those now concerned in the new cathedral for Liverpool?

Your obedient servant,
A LOVER OF LIVING ART.

MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND SHAKESPEARE'S LATIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Churton Collins, in the "Fortnightly Review" for April and May, has brought forward most convincing arguments to prove that "so far from Shakespeare having no pretension to classical scholarship he could almost certainly read Latin with as much facility as a cultivated Englishman of our own time reads French, that with some at least of the principal Latin classics he was intimately acquainted, that through the Latin language he had access to the Greek classics, and that of the Greek classics in the Latin versions he had in all probability a remarkably extensive knowledge". Plautus, Lucretius, Vergil, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, Seneca—all these are mentioned as having been, almost undoubtedly, studied by the poet in the original language. Shakespeare had at least "a literary

excavating the covers agains as super- rather onnade In 1900 the pave- osings, found; It is ch and ort on sets. y as a purpose structure restation is island fourth water, that g the dding. e foot through the ar met of the an to It is ny, or and it ausen ether cavava- the RD.

acquaintance" with Latin, if not with Greek classics, "the power that is to say of reading them *ad sensum* with facility and pleasure"—a power to which many a man who has taken a high classical degree has found himself unable to attain.

The first question which thereupon arises is What of Ben Jonson with his "small Latin and less Greek"? Mr. Collins answers that Jonson speaks from the exalted seat of high scholarship, as "Casaubon or Lipsius" might have spoken of one who had only a literary acquaintance with Greek and Latin, and not that critical knowledge of them, or that "power of composing in them", which is the boast of the ripe and perfect scholar. Moreover, says Mr. Collins, "in the Elizabethan age an acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics was assumed to be the monopoly of those who had been educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and a man who was not associated with the Universities was at once set down as no scholar".

I submit that this explanation of Jonson's much-quoted phrase is not satisfactory. It seems to me that if Shakespeare possessed so much classical learning as is attributed to him by Mr. Collins then Jonson cannot be accepted as an unimpeachable witness of truth in this matter. I submit that either Mr. Collins' contention as to the poet's attainments must be rejected, or that old Ben, for some reason of his own, was guilty of a *suggestio falsi* in the lines prefixed to the Folio of 1623. I cannot believe that even the pedantic Jonson would have described a man who had studied all the standard Latin authors, and who could "read them *ad sensum* with facility and pleasure", as one who had "small Latin"; an expression which is commonly taken as indicating a very exiguous amount of learning indeed.

There is, of course, another explanation which will be advanced in some quarters, viz. that Jonson's description was true of the Stratford player, and was not intended to apply to the real author of the plays and poems. But that hypothesis I leave to those whom it may concern.

With regard to the argument that Shakespeare would naturally be styled "no scholar" by Jonson because he was at neither of the Universities, I much doubt if it will hold good; for it seems clear that Jonson himself was never a student at either University. This attempt, therefore, to explain away his curious phrase seems to me to fail.

But the next question which arises is where could Shakespeare have acquired all this classical learning? Mr. Collins answers at Stratford Free Grammar School. Unfortunately very little is known about this school. Would that its records might be found, with Shakespeare's name thereon! That he was there, however, we may fairly assume, though, as Mr. Collins says, "there is no proof" of it. But what would he have been taught there? Mr. Collins takes the curriculum of Ipswich Grammar School, which he says "may fairly be taken as typical of the instruction provided in the best schools of Shakespeare's time", and he assumes an identical curriculum for the Stratford school. But is it quite fair to select Wolsey's celebrated foundation for this purpose? Is it fair to suppose that the school at the very unimportant and, as we know, very illiterate Stratford was school of similar character to one of the very best schools of the time? In the absence of all evidence this seems to me a very large assumption.

Mr. Collins tells us that Shakespeare would have entered this school "between his eighth and ninth year". He does not, however, mention that according to all tradition he was taken away at the age of thirteen owing to his father's pecuniary embarrassments. This leaves rather a limited time for the acquirement of all this Latin!

I am, yours, &c.

AN OLD SCHOLAR OF TRIN. COLL. CAM.

[It is probable that Ben Jonson was at S. John's College, Cambridge. We do not know what authority our correspondent has for saying that Shakespeare was removed early from school; nor does it strike us as reasonable to assume that Mr. Churton Collins supposed that Shakespeare confined his classical reading to the period of his school life.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

PICTORIAL ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"English Literature: an Illustrated Record." By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. 4 vols. London: Heinemann. 1903. Vols. 1 and 3. 16s. each net.

IT is necessary to explain in some detail the character of these two volumes in order to give an idea of the features which distinguish the work from other histories of English literature. In the first place there is its enormous size. Four large volumes of four hundred pages each, technically described as small imperial octavo, the equivalent in popular language of about a foot in length and half a foot in breadth, are to cover the whole course of our literature from its Anglo-Saxon beginnings to the "Age of Tennyson". The divisions of these periods, extending from Beowulf, and before, to the "Idylls of the King", and after, are four. The first is entitled "From the Beginnings to the Age of Henry VIII.". This of course requires more philological and antiquarian treatment, more scholarship, than any of the other periods, and Dr. Richard Garnett is its sole historian. We reach the modern period with the "Age of Henry VIII. to the Age of Milton" in the second volume, in which Dr. Richard Garnett steers Mr. Gosse over the remaining shoals of exact scholarship into the smooth waters where his lighter barque may flaunt with jaunty sails on well-known courses. Thus with the third volume which embraces "From the Age of Milton to the Age of Johnson" Mr. Gosse alone remains on the scene, and the fourth volume also "From the Age of Johnson to the Age of Tennyson" is to be from his hand. At present only the first and third of the volumes have been published, and so it is from these that we have to form an opinion of what the whole work is intended to be. There need be no hesitation in saying that if volumes two and four are equal to their antecessors in writing, printing, illustrations and all other qualities of the publisher's and printer's art, the whole work will combine in an extraordinary degree the marks of a popular edition in the best sense, and of an edition so handsome that it might be considered an édition de luxe in the true but not in the trade sense.

Histories of literature, whether of English or another, are usually the driest, jejune, most sterile kind of reading with which it is possible to disgust readers who wish to read for pleasure and not to cram anatomical literary preparations for an examination. This is not because the subject itself is uninteresting. It has advantages in respect of its matter such as has no other subject, for it is richer than any other in the personal element: and in that it excels even general history which, especially in our day, sacrifices the personal and the picturesque to accounts of "movements" and attempted philosophies of them. The reason is that to bring out its "humanities" more space is necessary than is usually possible; and so the literary historian is driven to compress and summarise until he has squeezed all the life and colour out of his subject. Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Gosse have been allowed plenty of room to turn round in, and they have been able to say what it is necessary to say, if the reader is to have any vital acquaintance with and to be able to appreciate the significance of the development and course of English literature. Even with all the qualifications of the two writers, the attempt to place before cultured general readers practically the whole field of our literature would have been a dismal failure, if the publisher had not taken the risk of producing a work which must be very formidable for most general readers on the ground of size and expense. If the reader may sigh that he cannot hold a volume easily in his hand on account of its great size and weight, he will condone this drawback by the reflection, that if the volume had been less he would not have had the pleasure of possessing reproductions on a large scale of so many important illustrations to the text. In this respect the work is probably unique, and they give a vividness and atmosphere of reality which the most eloquent word pictures would fail to give without them.

Starting from the beautiful reproduction of a picture in

an Anglo-Saxon MS. of the tenth century, representing Gregory the Great sending missionaries to England, we pass through an ever-growing gallery of persons, and places, and of facsimiles of manuscripts and old prints which are famous as furnishing materials not only for literary but for general national history. It is impossible to speak too highly of the printing in colour of ancient manuscripts of which the frontispiece, an equestrian portrait of Chaucer from the Ellesmere Chaucer at Bridgwater House, the Canterbury Pilgrims from a MS. in the British Museum, Illuminator presenting MS. to Patron from the Harleian MS., and a page of Wycliffe's Bible and others, are beautiful examples. In the third volume the reproductions in colour are few, and their place is taken by full-page facsimiles of manuscripts and title-pages and photogravures of almost all the great writers of the period of which it treats, from the original portraits by famous artists. As an example of the way in which the illustrations are made to accompany the text we may mention those in the pages devoted to Gray. There is a reproduction of the portrait by Eccardt and a silhouette done in 1763; the illustration to the "Elegy" for the edition of 1753; a facsimile of the title-page of the "Odes"; Stoke Pogis Church, showing the tomb of Gray; a full page of MS. of the "Elegy"; and the View of Eton Chapel from Bentley's Illustrations in 1753. Everywhere there is the same profusion and excellence of pictorial matter and we have dwelt on it because we have been impressed with the actuality it gives to the narrative, the descriptions and the criticisms which form the text.

This text differs in its form in the two volumes chiefly on account of the fact that in the first the writer is not dealing with so many personalities, but is concerned mainly with the greater developments by which the passage was made to modern English, when we arrive at a period when the ordinary man can read his author without a dictionary or glossary. Dr. Richard Garnett's scholarship is well known, and he has dealt with his matter as the non-technical reader would wish it to be dealt with. It is an interesting presentment, in a well-written and lucid style, of modern scholarship in respect of the earlier stages of the literature of England and its connexion with that of Europe. Mr. Gosse's matter falls more into the form of the biographical sketch on account of the great number of names with which he has to deal. But he connects them admirably with the greater periods; and we never feel that we are reading mere disconnected sketches of men cut off from their relations with preceding and subsequent literary history. We have found this feeling of continuity admirably maintained throughout; and we may illustrate what we mean by referring again to the biography of Gray, as perhaps there is hardly any poet who has appealed to a greater variety of culture than has Gray by his "Elegy". As an introduction to the biography Mr. Gosse remarks that in the eighteenth century "with the prevailing taste in poetry the style in grottoes, urns, and fountains closely corresponded. To this much of the superficial character of what was most enjoyed in Gray, Collins and even Goldsmith, may be traced". Then he shows how Gray "To a world that scarcely appreciated the meaning of verse which was not either a succession of five-beat couplets or a mass of stiff blank verse, Gray introduced choral measures, richly and elaborately rhymed and full of complicated melody". The eighteenth century was too much for him but: "The impact of Gray on Europe was delayed but could not be suppressed. The 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' is the direct precursor, not only of Chateaubriand but of Lamartine, and is the most characteristic single poem of the eighteenth century". Then follows a well-written, concise biography narrating the personal history of Gray: and we feel when we have read all this that it is precisely what a reader needs for the understanding of the author of the "Elegy" and hence of the "Elegy" itself. We may say the same of the rest of these lives; and if we could only understand how such expensive volumes are to find their way into the hands of ordinary readers, we could whole-heartedly congratulate them on having access to a work which gives so adequate and interesting an account of the splendid history of English literature.

CUNEIFORM DECIPHERMENT.

"The Discovery and Decipherment of the Trilingual Cuneiform Inscriptions." By Arthur John Booth. London: Longmans. 1902. 14s. net.

"Assyrian and Babylonian Letters belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections in the British Museum." By R. F. Harper. Part VIII. Chicago. 1902.

"The Seven Tablets of Creation." Edited by L. W. King. Two vols. London: Luzac. 1902. 18s., 15s. net.

WE have had many interesting accounts of the progress of cuneiform discovery, which formed, together with the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the most remarkable philological achievement of the nineteenth century. There is an excellent sketch of the subject in Mr. Rogers' recent "History of Babylonia and Assyria", not to speak of earlier works. But nothing approaching the completeness of detail of Mr. Booth's book has hitherto been attempted. He takes the famous Achæmenian trilingual inscriptions as his text, and rightly, since upon them proceeded the decipherments which afterwards enabled scholars to read the vast mass of materials unearthed in Babylonia and Assyria. It was in the meagre texts of Darius and Xerxes that the key was found to unlock the rich literature which Layard and Botta and Peters dug up in other fields. Few people probably are aware of the immense labour bestowed by a large number of scholars upon these perplexing problems, or of the multitude of eyes that have puzzled for five centuries over the mysteries of the unknown characters. It is one of the many merits of Mr. Booth's book that it gives credit to a series of comparatively obscure students for their share in the final triumph. In his early chapters he describes the astonishment and conjectures of the various travellers from Barbaro in 1472, Garcia de Silva Figueira in 1618, della Valle, Herbert, Mandelslo, Chardin, le Bruyn, and so forth, who noted the inscriptions at Persepolis; and brings the history of discovery down to Dieulafoy and de Morgan in 1890. Then he takes the progress of decipherment seriatim, first of the Persian column of the inscriptions, beginning with Niebuhr and Tychsen and working down through Münter and Grotewold, Rask and Burnouf, to Lassen, Westergaard, Hincks, and Rawlinson. The second or Susian column is next discussed, and the various views of Westergaard, Oppert, and Sayce on the great "Median" question are set forth, somewhat briefly we must observe: in this part we think Professor Browne's recent "History of Persian Literature" is more informing. Then the third or Babylonian column is taken in hand, and here we come to mainly British successes—for the names of Hincks and Rawlinson are indissolubly connected with this branch of the subject, though not with this alone.

England indeed came into the field of research very late. "When Rawlinson was writing his Memoir in 1846 he remarked upon the singular fact that no Englishman except himself had yet taken part in the work of decipherment. Many had indeed occupied themselves in the more adventurous task of collecting the materials—among whom were Morier, Ouseley, Ker Porter, and Rich—but so far Rawlinson was alone among his countrymen as a decipherer. This special study arose first in Northern Europe, and it is remarkable how large a share was borne by Denmark. Niebuhr, upon whose foundation all later scholars built, was born at Ludwigsworth in North Hanover; but he served under the King of Denmark and his Travels were first published at Copenhagen. Münter, though a German by descent and birth, was brought up at Copenhagen, and passed his whole life in Denmark, where he died as Bishop of Seeland. Rask was a Dane, and he laboured throughout his life as a professor at the University of Copenhagen. Westergaard belonged to the same nationality, and, as in the case of Niebuhr, his journey to the East was due to the liberality of the Danish Government. Lassen was born and educated at Bergen, though, it is true, he left Norway at the age of twenty-two and passed the greater portion of his life at Bonn. Tychsen was also of Norwegian descent, but born at Tondern in Schleswig." When England at last took up the

running, however, with English Rawlinson and Irish Hincks, it was indeed a case of the last shall be first, for no two men did more for cuneiform decipherment. As to Hincks, "few scholars enjoyed a higher reputation for extraordinary acumen in unravelling the difficulties of this intricate subject. The 'intuition' he displayed was specially remarkable, and often led him to anticipate conclusions that other scholars only reached by a slow and arduous course of inquiry. Even Rawlinson, who shared to a high degree in this rare gift, often found himself anticipated by the Irish scholar". Mr. Booth describes carefully and appreciatively the precise merits of Hincks' work and the range of his discoveries, and ends with the melancholy remark that "he appears never to have obtained any reward whatever, unless the gold medal of a provincial academy can be regarded as such. He had the misfortune to be born an Irishman and to fill the position of a country clergyman, so that he was, no doubt, reconciled from the first to the inevitable sequence of disparagement and neglect". Mr. Booth should know that a good many very intelligent people do not consider it at all a "misfortune to be born an Irishman", whilst the Royal Irish Academy is not accustomed to think of itself as "provincial", nor to regard the Cunningham Gold Medal as a distinction to be lightly conferred. But there is no question that, compared with Rawlinson, Hincks was neglected, and the reason is seen partly in the relative powers of "push" in men, partly in the fact that Rawlinson as a soldier and a diplomatic agent had other claims to urge. Hincks would have been as unhappy with a K.C.B. as Rawlinson with the living of Killyleagh, co. Down, but at least the former has not lost the reward of full if belated appreciation, and as Mr. Booth says "he could not fail to enjoy the conviction that the rich fields of knowledge he had opened to view would remain the assured possession of man for all generations". Ample justice is also rendered to Rawlinson, though not perhaps all he would have demanded. His powers as a translator are specially commended, and it is noted that "he imposed the most admirable restraint upon the intuitive faculty with which he was so eminently gifted, and his emendations exhibit a patience and sobriety that many scholars engaged in similar work might advantageously study. When he had surmounted the imperfections of the text so far as possible, he set himself to the task of translation and achieved the most notable success in this department". He had also "a rare ability of assimilating the suggestions of other scholars so quickly as to be almost oblivious that they were not original, and of carrying them rapidly to a perfection that was all his own". It is curious how much more kindly people write of the great, and genial, but retiring, Irish scholar, than of the self-assertive General and Member of Council. But Mr. Booth does not often write severely, though he will not hear of any claims of de Saulcy as a first decipherer of the Babylonian inscriptions, and whilst admiring Mme. Dieulafoy's "pluck in her adventures", he evidently laments the "extraordinary expansiveness in their relation". "When the span of life is lengthened to that enjoyed by the patriarchs, there will be time to study her works at leisure." Generally Mr. Booth writes a plain tale, full of interesting biography and bibliography, and sufficiently detailed to enable any reader to follow with thorough comprehension the wonderful story of cuneiform discovery from first to last.

Yet "last" can hardly be said of a study which is daily making remarkable advances. In the United States as well as in England and Germany we see constant progress due to unwearied labour upon the inscriptions. The eighth volume of Mr. Harper's edition of the cuneiform texts of "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections in the British Museum" has lately appeared in the decennial publications of the University of Chicago, and this forms but a part of the thirty-five to forty volumes in which the learned decipherer hopes to present the whole of the Kouyunjik letters which bear a scribe's name, as well as the most important of the unsigned letters, together with full translations, transliterations, philological and historical notes and glossary. Mr. Harper has already been engaged for twelve years upon this tedious but

exceedingly valuable work, and has so far published the texts of 876 letters, arranged under the names of the scribes, in as strict an order as the appearance of successive volumes of Bezold's Catalogue permitted—for it is not too much to say that previously to the publication of this Catalogue no such edition of the texts was possible. We look forward to the time when the texts will all be printed and Mr. Harper will then publish translations and critical notes which will bring his learned work within reach of those who are not Assyriologists. Meanwhile his texts have been freely used by other scholars, and it is pleasant to note that, far from grudging such borrowings, he feels "much honoured by the attention shown to this class of literature", and states once for all that "as soon as the texts are published they become public property, and anyone may use them for any purpose he may wish". This is in the liberal spirit of the true scholar.

Meanwhile Mr. King, the indefatigable assistant in the energetic department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, has brought out, in Messrs. Luzac's Semitic Texts and Translations, two handsome volumes, the one containing the transliterations and translations, the other the supplemental cuneiform texts, of "the Seven Tablets of Creation" or poem of "Enuma Elish". Ever since the late George Smith discovered the Babylonian creation story in 1875, scholars have been busy with these curious fragments. Smith had but a portion of the seven tablets before him, and he made some natural mistakes with his imperfect materials. Budge, Sayce, Jensen, Zimmern, Delitzsch and others have contributed valuable additions to the original translation, and raised the number of known fragments of the creation tablets to twenty-one. To these Mr. King is now able to add no less than thirty-four new tables or fragments, and allowing for the joining of pieces together the total number of separate fragments is now forty-nine. To describe the modifications introduced by these new discoveries would be to enter upon very technical ground, but it may be stated that the most notable addition made by Mr. King is that of the hitherto unidentified Sixth Tablet, describing the creation of man, of which no fragment was previously known, though its existence had been inferred from a catch-line in the Fifth Tablet. It begins—

"When Marduk heard the word of the gods,
His heart prompted him and he devised [a cunning plan].
He opened his mouth and unto Ea [he spake],
[That which] he had conceived in his heart he im-
parted [unto him]:
'My blood will I take and bone will I [fashion],
I will make man, that man may . . .
I will create man who shall inhabit [the earth]
That the service of the gods may be established,
and that [their] shrines [may be built]'".

It will be noticed at once by scholars that this text confirms the accuracy of the account in Berosus where man is said to have been created out of a mixture of earth and Bel's blood. Another point established by Mr. King's researches is that the list of duties supposed to have been delivered by Marduk to man upon his creation does not belong to the creation series, but is merely a tablet of moral precepts, so that its suggested resemblance to God's address to Adam and Eve in Genesis must be abandoned. It has been proved long ago that George Smith's identifications of "the Fall of Man" in the Seventh Tablet with the story of the Tower of Babel were not correct; and the creation of Light, as the first act, and the creation of the earth and vegetation on the third "day" as given in Genesis i. 9-13, are not found in the Babylonian and Assyrian tablets. Indeed the more these tablets are deciphered, the less appears their resemblance to the Biblical narrative, though we can hardly expect an Assyriologist to admit that this tempting analogy has been proved too far. The whole idea of the Creation Tablets centres in the fight between Marduk and Tiamat, or Bel and the Dragon, and the rebellion of Apsu and Tiamat against the gods, caused by Apsu's slothful rest being disturbed by the new "way" of the gods, which Mr. King interprets as meaning the substitution of order for

chaos. The first, third, and fifth "days" of the Biblical narrative are wanting in the Babylonian myth. The seventh day, again, is absolutely different in idea from the seventh day of Genesis; Marduk is shown to have created man "merely as an expedient to satisfy the discontented gods", and the seventh day is spent by the gods in extolling Marduk's victory over the dragon.

The date of the Babylonian poem of the Creation contained in the Seven Tablets is carefully discussed by Mr. King in his able introduction. None of the tablets is earlier than the seventh century B.C., the date of Ashur-bani-pal's library at Nineveh, and some are much later; but Mr. King adduces reasons for believing that these texts represent a tradition going back to the third millennium before Christ, and believes that "we may conclude with a considerable degree of confidence that the bulk of the poem, as we know it from late Assyrian and Neo-Babylonian copies, was composed at a period not later than B.C. 2000". Babylonian influences, as we know from the Tell-el-Amarna documents, were ripe in Palestine in the fifteenth century B.C., and Babylonian myths were doubtless well known there before the Israelites conquered Canaan. "It is clear, therefore, that at the time of their exile the captive Jews did not find in Babylonian mythology an entirely new and unfamiliar subject, but recognised in it a series of kindred beliefs, differing much from their own in spiritual conception, but presenting a startling resemblance on many material points." This is putting the matter moderately, though we confess we find the differences more remarkable than the resemblances.

"OLD LAMPS."

"Out of the Past: Some Biographical Essays." By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1903. 18s.

WERE we an Oxford examiner, marking the papers of our public men, we should give Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff a good second class. He was a great deal better informed about European politics than are most under-secretaries, and he had intellectual interests and a tincture of letters that made him a profitable companion and an agreeable writer. In the House of Commons he was barely a success, being an unattractive speaker, and the Governorship of Madras closed his public career. Sir Mountstuart is now amusing his well-earned leisure by republishing some of his articles and speeches. Too much depth or originality must not be expected from such productions, and in truth some of them are rather scrappy. But they are all interesting and readable, as they are written by an educated man of the world, who has played a creditable, if minor, part on the great stage. Like a good Scotchman young Mr. Grant Duff went to Balliol, at a time when Jowett was still a tutor. Sir Mountstuart has the courage to say in "Some Recollections of Oxford" that he got little or nothing out of Jowett, and that he was at a loss to explain his extraordinary influence. It was not until twenty years later that Jowett became Master of Balliol, and then "he was, I apprehend, the greatest head of a college who ever lived". It was an odd thing, but Jowett never did get on with the Scotch division at Balliol. The Scots thought Jowett a snob, and he thought them ill-mannered. There were faults on both sides, no doubt: but Jowett disliked provincialism. "Some Recollections of the House of Commons" are the report of a speech, or what the Scotch call an "address" at Elgin, which contains nothing that is new, and some things that are true. The following remark by a Radical wit about Disraeli's 1874 administration strikes us as amusing. "Lord Beaconsfield has taken John Bull to Cremorne, and the old fellow rather likes it: but there will be a morrow to the debauch." There was a very dismal morrow, Majuba and Gordon and the rest of it. In an article on Lord Kimberley Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff makes the very interesting remark that had Lord Granville and Lord Kimberley stood firm to the Union, Gladstone would have abandoned his Home Rule scheme. We wonder whether this is true! We think it highly

probable, as Gladstone had a great respect for his Whig peers. The best study in these two volumes is that of Walter Bagehot. It is indeed strange, and discreditable to the judgment of the educated class, that the author of "Physics and Politics", the "English Constitution", and "Biographical Studies" should not be better known to the present generation. Sir Mountstuart quotes a friend who says of Bagehot, "No one with whom I have lived in close contact has ever produced upon me so much the impression of genius as he did", from which we gather that he talked as well as he wrote. Though we have mildly enjoyed his last four volumes, we cannot encourage Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff to go on republishing his journalistic products.

ENGLISH POLICY UNDER PITT.

"A History of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century. Vol. I. From the Commencement of the War with France to the Death of Pitt (1793-1805)." By Marcus R. P. Dorman. London: Kegan Paul. 1902. 12s. net.

HISTORY should no doubt be written in an impartial spirit, but it is open to question whether it is desirable that the historian should be entirely without opinions of his own—or that it is his duty merely to state the evidence and allow the reader to draw his own conclusions. History written in such a manner is liable to deteriorate into a simple category of facts, and Mr. Dorman should therefore beware lest he become a mere chronicler of a period of which the actual chronicles are easily available. It is not so much a record of events that is required in a history of the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, as a definite judgment upon the policy of the statesmen of the time. Mr. Dorman has made a painstaking and conscientious attempt to describe the policy of this country between 1793 and 1805, but we doubt whether his rather diffident manner of writing history is the correct one for him to adopt. A record of Pitt's policy can be found in many text-books: a critical examination of the reasons which prompted that policy would be of more interest to all students of history.

Throughout the period covered in the first volume of Mr. Dorman's work Pitt, except during the short Addington administration, was Prime Minister. During these critical years Great Britain was engaged in the war of the French Revolution, and that she eventually emerged successfully from the struggle was largely due to Pitt's statesmanship in the early stages of the war. But although it was his fate to have to lead a coalition of Europe in a great war, Pitt was above all things a peace Minister; and historians, as Lord Rosebery has pointed out, have hardly done justice to the dogged determination with which at first he ignored the French Revolution. The war of 1793, as Mr. Lecky has shown, was absolutely forced upon England by the provocative diplomacy of the Revolutionary party in Paris. Pitt was at first convinced that the war would be a short one, because it was as inconceivable to him as it was to almost every other European statesman of the time that France would be able to support a lengthened period of hostilities against a coalition of Austria, England and Prussia. He failed to realise the immense power of the Republic, just as he afterwards underrated the genius of Napoleon—nor did he take into account the rivalry between Austria and Prussia, and the full significance of the Polish question. It is not surprising therefore that Mr. Pitt's policy of paying subsidies to the various Continental powers has been severely criticised. England seemed to give so much and receive so little. But to the son of Lord Chatham the policy of attacking France by proxy on the Continent, and devoting the main attention of this country to a maritime war must have seemed the obvious course to pursue. It must also be remembered that had it not been for the various coalitions in Europe which English gold helped so materially to raise against him, Napoleon would undoubtedly have turned his attention more than ever towards Eastern and colonial expansion. Our supremacy at sea might then have been seriously

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threatened, and the actual safety of this country endangered. But if scant justice has been done to Pitt's efforts to keep England at peace and to his subsequent management of the war, still less credit has been given to him, we think, for his efforts to bring the war to a conclusion. Mr. Dorman makes it quite clear that Pitt was always anxious for peace with honour. He was therefore unwilling to come to terms with France in 1796, as soon as it became evident that the French were not prepared to evacuate the Netherlands. In the following year, however, although opposed by the King and Lord Grenville, he again entered into negotiations for peace.

By this date Austria had been crushed for the time being and had herself surrendered the Netherlands to France. Pitt therefore felt that England was no longer bound by her engagements to her ally and was most desirous of peace. The failure of the negotiations was entirely due to the preposterous demands of the new French Government which the revolution of 18 Fructidor had placed in power. The next overtures came in a private letter addressed to George III. on the last day of 1799 by Bonaparte, who had just been elected First Consul. Pitt, as Mr. Dorman suggests, was probably supported by the general opinion of the country in his belief that the situation in France offered no serious guarantee of the good faith of Bonaparte's offer. In August 1800, however, after the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden, Pitt, although opposed by the King and several members of his Cabinet, again expressed his willingness to join in any negotiations for a general peace. In the following year the preliminaries of the Treaty of Amiens were signed, and although Pitt was no longer Prime Minister it is quite clear that his active support of the Addington administration did much to bring the negotiations to a successful issue.

We have touched at some length upon Pitt's various efforts to bring about peace with France because we consider that they explain his policy in the clearest way. It is a mistake to divide Pitt's administration severely into two distinct divisions, namely, the period of commercial progress and reform before 1793, and the years of coercive government during the war. Undoubtedly during the latter period Pitt was wise enough not to be consistent. He realised that reform was impossible when it might have led to revolution: but he always showed himself anxious to make peace on honourable terms, because he saw that peace was necessary if he was ever to carry out his early political ideals. It was for the same reason that he brought about the Union with Ireland. In 1785 when he introduced his Irish commercial scheme he had accepted as irrevocable the settlement of 1782, by which Ireland had secured her Parliamentary independence. His eminently wise and moderate proposals were wrecked mainly by the opposition of the commercial classes in England, and it then became obvious that a legislative union, if it could be effected, would alone bring about free trade between the two countries. The difficulties which arose between the English and Irish Parliaments upon the Regency question, and the sedition and anarchy caused in Ireland by the French Revolution, which culminated in the Rebellion of 1798, convinced Pitt of the absolute necessity for the Union. In his famous speech of 31 January, 1799, he explained the decision of the Government to bring about the Union and to allow to Ireland a full participation in the wealth and power of the British Empire. He made no reference to the question of the Emancipation of the Catholics, but Mr. Dorman is probably right when he says that it was Pitt's intention to introduce a measure for their relief as soon after the Union as possible. The idea in fact seems only to have been given up for fear of alienating the Irish Protestants. Pitt's subsequent promise to George III. never to revive the question of emancipation during the King's lifetime has been much criticised, notably by Mr. Lecky. Mr. Dorman's explanation of the incident seems to us a very reasonable one. It is quite possible that when he resigned in 1801, Pitt fully expected to have some future opportunity of pressing the measure. He was a comparatively young man and might well have expected to outlive George III. As

events turned out it was certainly unfortunate that the emancipation of the Roman Catholics was not made to follow closely upon the Union, but it is possible that a policy which seems so clear to us in the light of subsequent history may not have appeared of so much importance to contemporaries. Peace with France was no doubt in Pitt's estimation the most necessary thing for England in 1801. He may well therefore have felt, as Mr. Dorman suggests, that as his resignation would undoubtedly make the accomplishment of peace more easy, it was his duty to abandon for a time his Irish policy and cease to be Prime Minister of England.

NOVELS.

"The Gold Wolf." By Max Pemberton. London: Ward, Lock. 1903. 6s.

We remark with regret the continued degeneration of Mr. Pemberton, who could once tell a fair story. The sensations in this book are painfully forced and he is often actually silly. The hero, a feverish financier "of riches fabulous", has the villain for his valet, as is obvious from the outset, and they enact a stereotyped melodrama. The financier's doctor warns him that he may go mad and, when the financier wakes up to find his offensive wife dead with a mark on her throat, he concludes that he may have strangled her. Needless to say, however, all comes right in the end. As usual Mr. Pemberton has no time to trouble about probabilities, and most of his characters read like the creations of an amateur. A stage Irishman is peculiarly exasperating and a pious aunt is grossly overdone. When the financier is at issue with strikers, we are told that "the men went sobbing from the room". We will conclude with a characteristic passage: "His confident ring conjured up from the inhabited shades a pious and venerable butler, who, as the detective whispered to his friends, was a very pattern of virtue in plush breeches." Since when have butlers taken to wearing plush?

"Reprobate Silver." By Roy Devereux. London: Richards. 1903. 6s.

This novel belongs to what for want of a better label we must call the Anglo-French school. That is to say, it is written in English, and good English; but the point of view and the situations and the characters are Parisian. Lady Lora Walsham marries a dried-up lame Wall Street speculator, whose millions pay her father's and brother's debts. Steven Kean, though he adores his wife, neither attempts nor apparently wishes to make the marriage more than a partnership of incomes, houses, and names. Mrs. Devereux is obliged to tell us this with brutal frankness, as otherwise the husband's conduct would be so revolting as to be quite incredible. As it is, we doubt whether many people will be able to swallow it. Lady Lora takes as her lover Burdon, the fashionable artist sprung from the gutter, an English edition of Maupassant's "Bel Ami". She goes to the South of Spain with Lady Harborough, and falls under the fascination of Cardinal Ferroni, who is in reality her father. Kean, hearing in London from the friend that his wife is ill, depressed, and on the point of returning to the Church of Rome, rapidly calculates whether it would be better for his wife that she should embrace the ancient Church or her young lover. Mrs. Devereux has the effrontery to tell us that the puritanism of the American makes him prefer the latter alternative, and so he starts off with Burdon by the next train for his wife's villa at Seville. This is sufficiently "osé" to suit the French palate, though we doubt whether Messrs. Mudie's readers will relish it. "Burdie" invites Lady Lora to meet him in a tawdry flat off the Marylebone Road, and keeps her waiting half an hour. This kills her love and her ladyship, as Burdie would have known had he been a gentleman. All the characters are morbid or depraved, but the book is well written. We have not an idea what the title means.

"The Danger of Innocence, a Flippancy." By Cosmo Hamilton. London: Greening. 1903. 6s.

If this is intended as a satire on society, the author would have done well to consult some one who possessed

a nodding acquaintance with the subject. Here are specimens of aristocratic manners as interpreted by Mr. Hamilton: "'Piff Charles Valley', she said, only the 'piff' was something quite different. 'I'll see you piffed before I marry such a piffing little piffler, so there, Beau, darling. It's all piffed rot about your piff aunt, ain't it—what?'" "The Duke of Rycote rounded the first arch and came up the lawn. He was dancing with every wild, fantastic toe, and he sang in the beautiful, full tones of the jackdaw: 'Aunty-tanty, aunty-tanty, tiddley-iddley-tiddley-iddley, aunty-tanty, aunty-tanty.'" Mr. Hamilton must also be blamed for his impertinent habit of dragging in real people by their real names, and a gross insult to a well-known lady, whose identity he veils very thinly, is unpardonable. We can find no excuse for the publication of this volume.

"Stay-at-Homes." By L. B. Walford. London: Longmans. 1903. 6s.

It is always more pleasant to quarrel with pretentiousness than with simplicity, with the adventurous than with the stay-at-home, for the commonplace offers not only the more onerous achievement, but the more honourable reward. And when subject and treatment alike are commonplace one's objection to one is apt to be construed as a distaste for the other. Here, for example, is Mrs. Walford dealing dully with dull scenes and dull people, but it is not her theme but her imagination that is at fault. The life of stupid people in the country may be as productive of drama as any other; but the drama needs seeking, setting, and the very lightest of handling. Mrs. Walford has sympathy, the domestic instinct, and a retentive memory, but higher qualities are required for the detachment of what is essential and explanatory from the confused swamp of futilities into which such an existence sinks. But the author either does not see or cannot discriminate. She has no appreciation of values, she paints everything in. The result is mere retailing of what in reality is abundantly depressing; it adds neither interpretation nor enlargement to one's sense of vision.

"The Sword of Azrael: a Chronicle of the Great Mutiny." By R. E. Forrest. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

Mr. R. E. Forrest's new Indian Mutiny novel may possibly suffer from the simultaneous publication of his brother's final volume of official Mutiny Records. No novelist who takes 1857 for his theme can really compete with the sober historian in the broad outlines of his story. But the imaginary diary of "General Hayman" of the Company's Service is a very good piece of work. The hero tells only the story of his earlier wanderings after the mutiny of his regiment, and lays down the pen when he joins Havelock's force. The adventures of English fugitives are described with vigour and knowledge, if the brief love story verges at times on sentimentality. Particularly life-like are the sketches of old British officers who flatly refused to acknowledge the situation or to take ordinary precautions, and of a delightful Rajput gentleman who while sheltering refugees seizes the opportunity of paying off old scores on a Mohammedan neighbour.

"Sin-Chong (The Faithful Heart)." By W. Braunston Jones. London: The Walter Scott Publishing Company. 1902. 3s. 6d.

The author has been led (we are told) to write this story by a belief that the time has come when "the average *instudious Briton* should be furnished with some means, if only of a popular and picturesque nature, towards understanding the inner social life of a nation which comprises one-fifth of the population of the globe". The plan which has commended itself to him, apparently, is to schedule a number of Chinese habits and customs and weave them into a narrative as he goes along. The result is not devoid of sensational interest, but can scarcely be commended as representative of "the inner social life" of the people; for, although this may comprise much that is unlovely, evil habits do not fill the canvas so fully as one trusting to these pages for information might infer. Plenty of Chinese uncles may be willing to exploit nephews

committed to their charge; but even one who might deliberately educate his niece for sale to a bagnio and sell a nephew to be executed as a substitute would hardly dare to belittle his ancestral tablets as we are told Keshan did. We are not prepared to deny that a Siamese monk of the character of Kim's lama might rise to be abbot of a Buddhist monastery in China; but we are more than sceptical as to a Chinese mob being incited to kill him for denying the sanctity of an idol. The names are as queer as the characters—consisting as they do, generally, of patronymic without prenomen or of equivalent Bills and Matildas without surname. We take leave to doubt whether there ever lived a Manchu named Ah-lum (which is distinctively Cantonese), or whether so many Chinese could be found in any single city with only two names, seeing that it is as rare almost for a Chinaman not to have three as it is for a Manchu to have more than two. It would be easy to multiply criticisms; but enough has been said to justify us in recommending the "*instudious Briton*" in search of information to turn preferably to such works as the Rev. Arthur Smith's "*Chinese Characteristics*" or "*Village Life in China*" for a more wholesome conception of the "inner social life" of the frugal and industrious millions who constitute the vast mass of the people of China.

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

"Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff Officer relating to Waterloo and St. Helena." London: Murray. 1903. 7s. 6d.

Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Jackson died in 1889 at the age of ninety-four, and at the time of his death was one of the four surviving officers present at Waterloo. He published these reminiscences in 1877 for private circulation only, thinking them not of sufficient general interest. He was unduly modest, and the memoirs have increased in interest in the interval. Had Lord Rosebery seen this evidence before he wrote his "*Last Phase*"? Colonel Jackson was more or less behind the scenes, as he claims, in the last drama at St. Helena and many of the reminiscences of Waterloo are of value and genuine historic interest. The memoirs seem to dispose of the statement, which has been endorsed in the "*Dictionary of National Biography*", that a younger son of Sir Hudson Lowe married a daughter of Colonel Jackson. Colonel Jackson's evidence, which is strongly in favour of Sir Hudson Lowe, is not subject to the prejudice at any rate of personal association. Some of the illustrations are excellent.

"Memoirs of Gerald O'Connor." By W. O'Connor Morris. London: Digby, Long. 1903. 7s. 6d.

Gerald O'Connor's life should be full of history. He was an Irish exile in the service of France towards the end of the seventeenth century, and appears to have left behind some account of the Irish wars, containing the siege of Derry and Limerick and the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, as well as of the Spanish wars of succession. His descendant who writes up, rather than writes, the memoirs hopes to have increased "our store of real historical knowledge". Certainly the memoirs are interesting not to say stirring, but for "real historical knowledge" we must look elsewhere. The book contains no index, not even a list of chapters. There is not the slightest guide as to the authorities used. We are assured that it has been compiled "partly from old documents and papers in my possession", but when to this really historical source is added "reminiscences handed down from father to son during five generations", one begins to wonder where documentary evidence ends and family pride or Irish imagination begins. The form, which is bad, gives a further air of fiction to the history. It is a pity that valuable documents should have fallen into such hands.

"The Memoirs of Anne Clough." By Blanche Athena Clough. New edition. London: Arnold. 1903. 6s.

Newnham has been, and is, very lucky in its principals; and Miss Clough, the first of them, was as remarkable for her incessant activity as for the sympathy of her work. This Life, written by a relative, is much more than a monument erected pro pietate sua. Those most closely associated with Newnham and the very successful organisation of the college have lent much assistance; Mrs. Sidgwick, the Misses Kennedy, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Darwin. The result is that the Life is also a history of Newnham. It gives, for example, some account of the excellent biological laboratory built chiefly through the generosity of Mrs. Sidgwick and Mrs. Balfour to the memory of Mr. F. M. Balfour, whose pre-eminent claims to distinction in embryology have not been rightly recognised in

(Continued on page 724.)

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"Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse." London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

Even if Mlle. de Lespinasse had not been the centre of the most brilliant salon of a brilliant epoch, her letters to the Comte de Guibert would have deserved a place among "human documents"; and the introduction by C.-A. Sainte-Beuve is a model for introductions. The letters are better in French, but the translations are neat and preserve the passion of the original with unusual success.

"The Memoirs of Sir Llewellyn Turner." London: Isbister. 1903. 16s.

A genuine autobiography is rare and Sir Llewellyn Turner in this long book of memoirs of his life has put on record much that is of considerable value to local history. He apologises on the score of his great age for not preserving a "consecutive recital" of events for which he depends on the memory not only of himself but of his parents; but in a book of this sort one can well do without the consecutiveness he misses. In Sir Llewellyn Turner's recollections there is much to enjoy. He has some good anecdotes and tells them well; but of the "puff" of Sir Llewellyn Turner, contributed, presumably by Mr. Vincent, in the introduction, it is not easy to speak severely enough. It is fulsome and in the worst of taste and admirably designed, one would think, to spoil the appreciation of the memoirs themselves.

"Francis Kerril Amherst, D.D." London: Art and Book Company. 1903. 7s. 6d.

Like too many biographies this Life of Bishop Amherst is padded out with much that can be of no interest. The account of the opening of the Council of the Vatican in 1869 might have been made very interesting but a number of the extracts from the Bishop's diary letter are entirely devoid of permanent interest, though they give some remarkable evidence of the extraordinary inventions of the press in describing both people and scenes. Those who knew Bishop Amherst may "welcome the publication of his memoirs" but some effort should be made to give any published Life a wider recommendation.

"Schleiermacher." By R. Munro. Paisley: Gardner. 1903.

Both on account of his personal experiences and his speculative philosophy Schleiermacher occupies an eminent place in the history of modern thought. This Life and appreciation was written for Professor Knight's "Philosophic Classics", a series which unfortunately for lack of philosophers was discontinued. Like its forerunners in the series, the work is well compressed and is valuable for its bibliographical thoroughness.

THE JUNE REVIEWS.

Mr. Chamberlain's next chapter, as inter-imperial tariffs might be called, seems to have come a little late for the Reviews. Consequently the "Nineteenth Century" distinguishes itself by publishing no fewer than three articles on the subject, whilst a considerable portion of Sir Wemyss Reid's monthly survey is devoted to it. Sir Herbert Maxwell is caustic at the expense of the Government which introduced a corn-tax last year to broaden the basis of taxation and took it off this year because it was unpopular and had a protective effect that was not anticipated. He is a strong advocate of reciprocal trading with the Colonies. But he says before it can be established we must resume the power which we voluntarily surrendered and reimpose upon the foreigner the same relative disadvantage which he has never ceased to impose upon us. Sir Gilbert Parker says England must not alter her fiscal policy except as a means to a great end. We think Sir Gilbert Parker may rest assured that so momentous a departure will not be made for an insufficient purpose. He prophesies that no resentment against Mr. Chamberlain's policy will come from the United States — as though it were the business of a British statesman first to consider the American Republic. Mr. Benjamin Taylor is of opinion that a concession of preferential treatment to the colonies would be a small price to pay for whole-hearted colonial co-operation in imperial defence, and he regrets that the corn-tax was not utilised as a cover for preference to Canadian wheat. Sir Wemyss Reid's view is noteworthy because it admits that an appeal to the old formulas and shibboleths will not suffice; he urges that the country should consider the relative advantages and dangers of preference and of adherence to our present system. A useful contribution to the controversy is Mr. G. Hyng's article in the "National Review" on the influence of free trade on wages. He seeks to prove "demonstrably wrong" the assumption that free trade is good for the working classes and protection bad. Under free trade the number of paupers under sixty-five years of age has increased to 1,183,000. It is he says "a cruel mockery" to tell the people that though free trade is shutting factories and sending farms to ruin they are much better off because commodities are a little cheaper. In his notes of the month the

editor of the "National" expresses a belief that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are "destined to open a new era, not only in the development of the British Empire, but also in the prosperity of the United Kingdom. Free traders have been too cocksure and too fanatical to pay any attention to the really remarkable change of opinion which has steadily invaded all classes of Englishmen during the last few years as regards our present fiscal policy".

"The Imperial Outlook" from the point of view not of tariffs but of diplomacy is discussed by Mr. Charles Bell M.P. in the "Monthly Review". He thinks "it is hardly too much to say that the foreign problem of the greatest moment at the present time is connected with the Persian question, mixed up as it is with that of Asia Minor and of the railway to the Persian Gulf". Germany's unpopularity throughout the British Empire does not deter him from recommending some alliance or understanding with her rather than with Russia. His views should be considered in conjunction with two articles in the "Fortnightly Review" one on the Latin rapprochement and Anglo-Russian relations, the other on the internal discontent of Russia which is a factor not to be ignored in considering Russian foreign policy. "Calchas" in the first article anticipates trouble in the future, if not immediately over the Persian question. Persia will not in his opinion precipitate a struggle between Russia and England, but it will mean a renewal of the old diplomatic harassments with which we have shown ourselves especially unfitted to cope. "The country will relapse into the old habit of considering Russia as the inevitable enemy, and is likely to be led into renewed entanglements with Germany, thus working out the calculations of Berlin. The far more serious danger will remain that Russia, however bent on peace at heart, may provoke popular passion in this country, by some act of diplomatic aggressiveness, to a degree beyond remedy. All this, in any case, would subject our rapprochement with the Republic to a strain it is not calculated to bear, and would almost inevitably drive back England and France to the old unsatisfactory relations." "Calchas" hopes that France may come to regard the maintenance of the rapprochement with England as second only in importance to her alliance with Russia, and dislikes the idea that we should commit ourselves to Germany in regard to Bagdad or indeed any other enterprise. "Blackwood" is impressed with the importance of the King's visit to Paris and the effect of his courage and affability on the people. "For let it not be supposed that it needs no courage to drive through a city whose friendship is all uncertain. . . . Now an English King has shown to all the citizens that he is determined to win their sympathy, and to prove his own confidence in their sense of hospitality. And presently the inevitable comparison was hinted on all sides. When the Tsar visited the capital of his great ally, he could not conceal his timidity. He drove to the Opera furtively in a closed and guarded carriage. But Edward VII, despising precaution, intensified at each of his public appearances the impression of trust and nonchalance. So as the hours passed his popularity increased." In the "Empire Review" Sir Charles Dilke urges that our present excellent relations with France combined with the desire in both countries for economy affords an opportunity for some contraction of naval programmes.

On the literary and lighter side there are several specially interesting papers. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Churton Collins condemns the administration of free libraries, whose influence is as powerful "to thwart and defeat the efforts of educational philanthropists and legislators as to further and confirm them". He finds many free libraries "so completely under the thrall of those who only seek such recreation as 'shilling shockers', newspapers and the ordinary comic rags afford that they cannot but be regarded as unmixed evils". His suggestion is that free libraries will not be instruments for good till they are allied with those agencies which are engaged in secondary education work—the University Extension departments of the Universities, the National Home Reading Union and the Gilchrist Educational Trust. The Carlyle controversy is carried on in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. W. S. Lilly, who is bitterly anti-Froude and in the "Contemporary" by Mr. Ronald MacNeill who is apparently in possession of fresh data which he will publish in support of Froude. "A Chelsea Ménage" in the "National" is a description by Mrs. E. T. Cook of Mrs. Carlyle's relations not with her husband but her servants. In the "Fortnightly" Mr. Michael Macdonagh shows that the Irish landlords are not so black as they are painted; in the "Monthly" the editorial deals with Mr. Wells as preacher and would-be philosopher under the happy title "Mannikins in the Making", and in "Blackwood" we get the beginning of a new series of Personalia, political, social and various by "Sigma" who tells anecdotes and gives impressions of "Harrow in the Early Sixties", dealing with Palmerston, Russell, Bishop Colenso, Sir Francis Jeune, Dr. Farrar, Sir Robert Peel, and others. In the "National" Mr. A. G. Boscowen M.P. pays a pleasant personal tribute to Mr. Hanbury, who though "essentially a House of Commons man" was "emphatically a countryman at heart".

For This Week's Books see page 726.

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Thirty-four offenders were committed to prison (full costs being paid by the Society). 683 offenders paid pecuniary penalties. (Penalties not received by the Society. Moieties of penalties not accepted.) Police cases, assisted by the Society without personal attendance of its officers, not included. 1,210 total convictions during 1902.

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No. 105 Jermyn Street, London. JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

P.S.—It disseminates in schools and among persons having the care of dumb animals upwards of 100 different kinds of journals, leaflets, pamphlets, and small books, all of which are designed to teach the proper treatment of domestic animals and the duty and profitableness of kindness to them. All the statutes made for the protection of animals have been enacted by influence of the Society and enforced by its operation. It is an educational and punitive agency. By its officers, who are engaged in all parts of England, it cautions or punishes persons guilty of offences. Thus, while its primary object is the protection of creatures which man has made a want, in no small degree it seeks to elevate human nature.

Persons who desire to be made acquainted with further particulars should apply to booksellers for the monthly illustrated journals, "The Animal World," price 2d., and "The Band of Mercy," price 4d., published at 9 Paternoster Row. The Annual Report, price 1s. 3d. to non-members. Books, pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature issued by the Society, a catalogue of which may be had gratis. Monthly Returns of Convictions and cautionary placards will be sent gratis to applicants who offer to distribute them usefully on application to the Secretary.

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THE seventh ordinary general meeting of Pearks,

Gunston and Tee, Limited, was held on Thursday, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. John Cansfield (the Chairman of the Company) presiding. The Secretary (Mr. John Dumphreys) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: In moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, perhaps it will not be out of place for me to say a few words in respect of some of the items mentioned therein, commencing with additions £27,763. Whilst a business of our standing must keep progressing, I think we have now reached that position which does not necessitate such large additions to our capital expenditure as in the previous years. We have now nearly 200 branches, together with other businesses under our control. The £100 we have written off preliminary expenses account this year clears the amount, which originally stood at £9,500 when the Company was formed seven years ago, and the item of £382 now remaining is the cost of the issue of the preference shares issued last year, and which, I trust, we will be able to wipe off entirely during the current year. At the end of 1901 and the beginning of 1902, having received such a splendid advertisement through the butter "Pearksexcution," which has made our name practically a household word, we had request from many quarters to open more stores; but we felt that the engagements we had already made were about as much as we could see our way to undertake. We agreed, however, that, if sufficient capital could be found outside, we were prepared to subscribe to a certain extent, and, for a consideration, would undertake the management, allowing the use of our name, and would not at any future time compete with these businesses. These proposals were accepted, with the result that we have now the item of £53,194 in the shape of investments and shares in other companies. There was a further opportunity for us to acquire the controlling interest in a large tea business; but this required a large sum of money, and, whilst we were satisfied as to the benefits your Company would derive by securing such an interest, we felt we would not be justified in entering into such an undertaking without consulting several of the largest shareholders. Eventually the money was found from an outside source on our agreeing to repay the amount by 10 annual payments. This explains the liability of £27,247; but each year as we reduce the amount of the liability, so will the amount of the investments proportionately increase, which in turn will be taken to reserve. Without being optimistic, I believe, judging from the progress they have made up to now, your Company will derive a large income from the sources I have named, and it is our intention that all profit we receive from these businesses shall be carried to the general reserve fund and invested in outside securities. Thus, in a few years, you will have a reserve fund of very considerable dimensions, automatically increasing year by year. All these concerns are being conducted on a line with our own business: they only sell what we sell, hence you will be able to realise the purchasing power we now have on the markets we enter. When the Company was formed the average price of the shops taken over was about £3,000 each, now the amount standing in the books of the Company does not average half that sum, and, further, a reserve for depreciation stands at nearly £60,000. As regards the profit and loss account, the item for administrative expenses, considering the increased trade, is less in proportion than previous years, and is steadily decreasing. Advertising is a large item; but I am sure, as business men, you will agree with me that money judiciously spent in this direction is well spent, as it must of necessity benefit the future as well as the present. The condition of the property of the Company has been well maintained, and the smart up-to-date appearance of your stores is well known. Thanks to the appreciation by the public of our specialities, the volume of business has been greater than in any previous year, whilst we have been able to carry on the trade with less stock at the branches, so avoiding the depreciation that inevitably follows heavy grocery stocks. Last year I went fully into the question of milk-blended butter, and now I wish to express our regret at the unexpected death of Mr. Hanbury. With regard to the Bill now before Parliament, we feel sure that the House of Commons will not allow this Bill, as at present drafted, to become law, because it is an unwarrantable attempt to interfere with the sale of an article which is openly and honestly sold by us. And now as to competition. The advent a few months ago of new competitors in the already numerous army of traders gave rise to a system of the fiercest competition on the part of some of the older-established concerns, who reduced prices to such an extent—particularly sugar and cheese—as to be below the actual wholesale market value. In those districts where the fight was going on, and we had branches, it was necessary, in order to protect our own business, to eventually follow to some extent, as the public are naturally quick to appreciate where they can get the most for their money. The outcome of all this is to reduce profits without corresponding benefits to the traders interested. Of course, sooner or later, there must be an end to this sort of useless rivalry, and business will be conducted on sounder commercial lines. I think, taking everything into consideration, we may congratulate ourselves upon the position of the Company to day and the prospects for the future. We feel the time has come when we can with confidence recommend the payment of a dividend to the ordinary shareholders, who, since the formation of the Company, have had to stand a-side while the business was placed upon a sound foundation, and have received no return on their investment until the present year. I trust I have not wearied you with my remarks, and now beg to move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet; also that a final dividend of 3 per cent., for the half-year, making 2½ per cent. for the year, be paid, on July 1, on the ordinary shares.

Mr. F. Jones seconded the motion.

After some discussion the motion was put and carried unanimously.

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	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining	£6,495 17 2	£0 15 11 45
Crushing and Sorting	442 10 5	0 1 226
Milling	1,215 19 8	0 3 1 538
Cyaniding Sands	1,160 1 6	0 2 10 673
" Slimes	460 6 0	0 1 2 066
Sundry Head Office Expenses, &c.	476 14 5	0 1 2 248
	10,210 9 2	1 5 5169
Development Redemption	803 0 0	0 2 0 000
	11,013 9 2	1 7 5169
Profit	16,155 3 1	2 0 2 844
	£27,168 12 3	£3 7 8013
	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account		
Mill Gold	£16,075 2 3	£0 0 0 451
Cyanide Gold	11,093 10 0	1 7 7502
	£27,168 12 3	£3 7 8013

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